The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1931 NUMBER 887

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The Week

GREAT BRITAIN under her overwhelmingly Tory majority is losing no time in carrying to a drastic extreme the Tory policy of protective tariffs. Temporarily they are called "anti-dumping" duties, which may be imposed at the discretion of the Cabinet, up to 100 percent, on manufactured articles. Why Britain should fear dumping under a depreciated exchange which already places imports at a disadvantage is a mystery—unless she intends to deflate again shortly and restore the gold standard at the old parity of the pound, or unless she fears that importers will hasten to accumulate stocks in anticipation of a future permanent tariff. In either case there is little likelihood that the duties now established will soon be removed; "protection" has a way of sticking, once it is applied. The Smoot-Hawley bill, passed in the supposed interest of American workers, is without doubt largely responsible for this madness of Britain's, which now threatens American exports amounting annually to $125,000,000. Canada, which also retaliated with a tariff, reaps any benefit there is, since she is exempted from the new duties. Of course Great Britain herself will in the long run suffer severely. The net effect of the American-Canadian-British tariff warfare so far is to transfer employment from American factories across the line to Canadian factories, and to decrease the total of world employment. But this nation cannot complain; we started it ourselves.

WHAT may be expected from the new British Parliament, what its values, attitude and general temper will be, is suggested in a revealing analysis of the composition of the House of Commons published in a recent issue of The New Statesman and Nation. Of the 615 members, 165 are rentiers, that is to say, persons of no occupation who live on inherited wealth; 163 are business men, bankers or manufacturers and 136 are lawyers. Moreover, the stampede over to Toryism flushed up three marquises, three earls, eight viscounts, twelve lords, a small covey of duchesses, viscountesses and countesses, and 111 members with military or naval titles. In all, the members of the peerage, army and navy amount to 230—practically half of the Conservative majority in Parliament. Since the Reform Bill was passed in the 1830's, it is doubtful that the British electorate has ever bagged a fancier line of game for its Commons pie, but whether so rich a diet will rest easily on the stomachs of the English masses, who have during the last few years become used to a simple one of bread and tea, depends largely on their digestive faculties. Ramsay MacDonald has already swallowed the new high tariffs; will he choke on the squeezing of labor by deflation, and a return to high-handed rule in India?

CALM negotiations between the railroad unions and the railroad presidents have led to no settlement, but have sharply defined the issue. The unions suggested various devices on behalf of employment stabilization—the building up of unemployment reserves to support those of the necessary permanent staff of the industry who are not afforded work during depression, the creation of a labor pool to dis-

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tribute workers where needed, the building of a system of employment exchanges, and joint backing for a large federal bond issue to eliminate grade crossings. The presidents politely declined to agree to any of these proposals, but put forward a request for a wage reduction. The unions might have consented to a reduction if the proceeds could have been used in some way to enlarge employment. But in that case the proceeds could not have been used to enlarge the earnings of capital—and this was definitely what the presidents were seeking. Railroad labor does not intend to contribute to a dole for idle capital. As the letter from Mr. D. B. Robertson, chairman of the Railway Labor Executives' Association, states, "You are taking nothing from the earnings of capital to support unemployed workers. You are asking that the employed workers take 10 percent from their earnings to support idle capital." This is the fundamental issue which now must be arbitrated on every system in the country. The independent organization of labor, plus a well designed machinery of adjustment, thus prevents employers from pretending that they are cutting wages for the workers' good, when, as a matter of fact, they are really cutting them to maintain security values.

THE Land Utilization Conference in Chicago signalizes a real beginning at a land policy for the United States. It aims to get the marginal agricultural lands out of crop production and into forests or other uses, and to discourage the establishment of new growing areas until they are needed. A national survey is to be undertaken to classify land for its most appropriate uses. A committee of government representatives and experts has been set up for this purpose. This is the "staff" of the new planning organization. A parallel "line" organization has also been formed to attempt to effectuate the policy, consisting of representatives of farm organizations, financial and credit institutions, and the like. Restriction of agricultural land is no prompt remedy for the existing crop surpluses—it is a long-run policy which it will take many years to work out. But the adjustment of land resources in a rational way to the various needs of supply is an essential element in national planning, and many benefits other than crop restriction may be expected from it as the policy is gradually put into practice. Here is another great area of enterprise in which the responsible and informed leaders have turned their backs on what was supposed to be laissez-faire but what was really a policy of governmental encouragement of planless and competitive land settlement, regardless of the consequences.

GOVERNOR Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, formerly one of the dark horses of the Democratic race for the presidency but now rapidly becoming a dappled gray, has been visiting the North and paying courtesy calls on the great men of his party. His dislike of prohibition is well known, but on this score he has lately chosen to be remarkably silent. On all other burning topics his recent public addresses give us a working notion of the mental caliber and political temper of a "good Democrat." Speaking before a conference on the coal industry in Pittsburgh, November 16, he declared himself against all federal regulation of industry. He was for self-reliance and individualism; for letting "natural forces take their course, as free and untrammeled as possible." True, the coal industry was demoralized; but only the men who owned and operated it were likely to "manage it for the common good." But for a number of years nature has been taking her course, in this industry as in others, by way of business stagnation, price-cutting, wage-cutting, labor struggles and unemployment. If Mr. Ritchie is not aware of all this, it is because he has been enjoying a long Rip Van Winkle sleep somewhere in the Jacksonian era of the Democracy. By waking to sing old saws, by planning to do nothing, above all nothing drastic, he presents himself as a highly practical presidential candidate; he also cheers up the gloomy business interests in his party, who have been coy about Governor Roosevelt's aspirations. To judge from his spoken words, no one safer, saner or more antediluvian than the Governor of Maryland could be imagined. And probably for this reason, Mr. Bernard Baruch has already stated that the "finger of fate" points to Mr. Ritchie "as being perhaps destined to move into the White House."

THE first of the Harlan trials, to which John Dos Passos refers in his article in the present issue, has ended with a victory for the miners. William Burnett, charged with having shot and killed a deputy sheriff in the mine disorders last spring, has been acquitted by a jury at Mount Sterling, Kentucky. This trial, which was a sort of curtain-raiser, may suggest the outcome of the more important drama now before the court. Eleven miners are being tried on the charge of killing two deputy sheriffs and a private citizen in the famous Evarts battle last May. The defense is being conducted by the General Defense Committee, an I. W. W. organization. It is certain that the prosecution will emphasize the "Red" issue and attempt to picture the defendants as a group of bomb throwers and anarchists. Whether the prosecution will be successful in introducing this issue, and whether the jury drawn for the present trial will be more responsive to appeals of 100-percent mine operators' Americanism than the Burnett jury was, are questions that will probably decide the verdict, for the case against the present defendants is as weak as the case against Burnett. The deputy sheriffs were certainly half-responsible, if not entirely responsible, for starting the fight at Evarts; they killed one miner there and since the fight have killed a dozen others, some in cold blood; but there has been no talk among officials of the state or country of bringing any deputy sheriffs to trial.

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THE deportation of thousands of foreigners, often without justice, often resulting in the tragic break-up of families, continues to be one of the more senseless and barbarous developments of these hysterical times. In New York, Captain Michael McDermott, of the Police Department's Alien Bureau, has been directing numerous raids upon groups of foreigners. Last January he led a police descent upon the Seamen's Mission, arrested many unemployed sailors, charged them with "vagrancy," and turned them over to the federal Labor Department for banishment. But what is most amazing is that this officer has recently announced in public and with the utmost self-satisfaction, according to The New York Times for November 15, that more such drives will be made this winter upon foreigners suspected of illegal residence. The Seamen's Mission, he said, will be raided again, and possibly 200 aliens —he seems to know in advance—will be seized and deported. By this mode of attack, plainly illegal in itself, people are arrested and treated as deportable aliens until they prove their right to stay here—if they know how to prove it. Thus the police in many of our cities have been coöperating with the Labor Department at Washington in the brutal game of driving aliens out of the country, generally without semblance of fair trial and often in defiance of constitutional rights. Captain McDermott and other bureaucrats of his kind should be reminded that no less an authority than the Wickersham Commission has described their deportation procedure as the outstanding instance of lawlessness in our law enforcement, and has called directly for congressional action in order to restrain the fanatics and ensure some little amount of regularity and justice in the treatment of aliens—and presumed aliens.

THE steps which led to Japan's raid into Manchuria last September still seem obscure from this side of the Pacific. What happened, according to a letter written to The New Republic by a Japanese correspondent, Mr. Leonard G. Masui, is that the military group began to mold public opinion to its own aggressive plans through a most novel system of propaganda, one that seems borrowed rather from the sales methods of American automobile companies than from diplomacy. The press apparently had been indifferent to the saber-rattling of the war clique up to the middle of last August. Then a striking change came over the newspapers. As Mr. Masui writes:

> They came to the full support of the War Minister. This abrupt change on the part of the Japanese press toward the military group was timed with the publication in the leading dailies of the empire of huge advertisements explaining the nature of Japan's rights and interests in Manchuria and how China has been injuring them.

To "sell" the idea of a war of aggression seems quite shocking at first thought. But the Japanese militarists have plainly learned the value of press campaigns from Europeans and Americans during recent armament conferences. Both in industry and war the Japanese have shown themselves brilliant pupils of their Western rivals. And the use of direct, paid advertisements by their militarists is only a cruder imitation of the more refined propaganda methods followed, for example, by our own Navy League boys.

WILL women save modern civilization from major disasters, as Sherwood Anderson surmises in a recently published work? Will American women create a matriarchy in the United States, as Count Keyserling predicted after a flying visit? Anxious watchers-of-the-horizon may detect in a new moral program advanced by a group of University of Southern California co-eds clear signs of the determination of the erstwhile weaker sex to dominate the male completely. A chart or table is to be used hereafter in measuring the "perfection" of all young men with whom dates are to be made. The model man will be rated as follows: for intelligence, 20 percent; cultural background, 15 percent; personal appearance, 15 percent; social poise, 5 percent; physical fitness, 5 percent; ability to understand the meaning of the word "no," 5 percent, and so forth. Now, arbitrary as these criteria may seem, they are to decide what share a modern woman should pay for cost of a "date"—from zero for the company of a thorough imbecile, to the full bill for the ministrations of the 100-percent "perfect man." Truly it is a revolutionary program. It tells us not only how clearly modern women "know what they want," but how resolute and unflinching they are in setting out to get it. Yet let us reflect a little further. When faced with such amazonian qualities, confronted with the 200-proof woman, what mere male would keep intact all of his "social poise" or even his "cultural background," so that he might pass for 100-percent perfect? The more nearly he "satisfied," the more certain that he would refuse to be handled as a gigolo. In short, the feminine superiority is safe; and the feminine cash is safe also.

THE status of civil liberty in Iowa received a somewhat definite standing by the treatment recently accorded to Powers Hapgood, a Harvard graduate who has identified himself with the insurgent forces of the United Mine Workers. Wishing to go bail for a Communist friend—who had outraged the patriotic susceptibilities of certain city officials of Council Bluffs by holding a meeting in the city even after he had been kidnapped, beaten and otherwise instructed that Council Bluffs believes free speech to be something you read about in fairy books—Hapgood presented himself at the jail. He was immediately seized upon by a number of policemen, who relieved him of all his personal belongings, finger-printed him sixteen times, searched, mugged, arrested and in general led him to under-

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stand that offering to go bail for a Communist was tantamount to blackjacking a man up a dark alley or robbing a state bank. When Hapgood protested that his reason for offering to go bail was that he was merely interested in defending civil liberties, one of the sworn guardians of our Constitution expressed what must have been the lofty sentiments of officialdom in Council Bluffs. "Too many people in this town," said he, according to Hapgood's report, "suffered in the World War to let these Communist bastards go on. Civil liberties, hell!"

The Manchurian Crisis and the League

THERE can no longer be any doubt that Japanese policy in Manchuria has been wholly at the mercy of Japan's army chieftains. General Honjo, the Japanese commander, has explained that "a technical state of regional warfare" exists in Manchuria, and the Japanese army refuses to consider itself bound by any international promises or agreements made by the civilian government. Two weeks ago, just before the meeting of the League Council in Paris, the Wakatsuki-Shidehara Cabinet completed what was supposed to be a detailed understanding with America and England. Charles G. Dawes, Sir John Simon and Ambassador Matsudaira were sent over to Paris on November 15, for the express purpose of solemnizing this agreement under the auspices of the League Council. On the same day, in Manchuria, General Honjo began his drive northward along the Taonan-Tsitsihar Railroad, bringing about the most important military engagement which has yet occurred in Manchuria.

Both Baron Shidehara, the Japanese Foreign Minister, and Baron Wakatsuki, the Premier, are known and liked in Washington. Shidehara is a former ambassador to the United States, and helped negotiate the Washington Naval Treaty in 1922. Wakatsuki was head of the Japanese delegation to the London naval conference in 1930. They have both been, throughout their political lives, outstanding opponents of the great Japanese military clans. The present Japanese government was elected two years ago on a platform of peace with China and friendship with the United States.

Wakatsuki and Shidehara now occupy an impossible position. They have shown themselves wholly unable, or unwilling, to control the actions of the Japanese army junta. Both for their own reputations, and for the sake of peace, they should resign. As long as they cling to office, the world will continue to muddle closer and closer to a first-class war involving the Great Powers. At the present time, Japan has no responsible government, and negotiations with it by the League or by the United States are completely meaningless. Any Japanese government, no matter how reactionary, which would actually govern, would improve the hope of cleaning up the Manchurian mess.

There is no longer any use in concealing from ourselves that the League has failed, and failed disastrously. The Japanese have carried through a particularly wanton, brutal military conquest. They have bombed undefended cities and fired on civilian refugee trains. The former civil government in Manchuria has been obliterated, and starvation, disease and banditry are reported everywhere. The most positive action which the League Council has so far proposed to take is the sending of an investigating commission, without powers of any kind, to Manchuria.

Last September, when the League first assumed jurisdiction over Manchuria, there was hope that it would succeed. It was a heart-warming spectacle to watch M. Yoshizawa, representative of one of the world's great military powers, being haled before the League Council, and to hear Japan being summarily ordered to evacuate its troops within fourteen days. Here at last was the international community in action. Now, two months later, it is clear that the pressure of world opinion has had no effect whatever upon the Japanese military leaders, and has served to make the Japanese people, if anything, more race-conscious and nationalistic than they were before.

It is also now reasonably clear why the League has failed. When the League acted, the Japanese army had already taken the field, and the first casualty lists were being published in Tokio. By the time the League intervened, a large section of the Japanese public was already wallowing in the sadistic hatreds of war. It was inconceivable to them that Japan could be in the wrong. The League had simply been hoodwinked by the tricky, double-dealing Chinese, probably with the assistance of the perfidious English. It is important to realize that this war-mindedness was not alone on the side of Japan. At Nanking, a band of students burst into the office of the Chinese Foreign Minister, C. T. Wang, and beat that frail, middle-aged gentleman half to death for daring to temporize with the League, instead of declaring immediate war upon Japan.

The Manchurian question goes back for a generation or more. It has caused two good-sized wars. For years every responsible statesman, including those particular guardians of the League and world peace, M. Briand and Lord Robert Cecil, has known that Manchuria was an acute danger spot. The League was born at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 to the accompaniment of shrill warnings about Manchuria from the Chinese delegates. The dangers to peace contained in the present status quo in the Far East were exhaustively reviewed in 1921-22 at the Washington naval conference, and solemnly admitted by Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, Lord Balfour and the representatives of all the other powers. In 1926, when the

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British occupied Shanghai, and in 1928, when Baron Tanaka bombarded Tsinanfu, Chinese delegates tried vainly to bring the problem of the Far East before the League Council.

The fact that there was hostility and friction between Japan and China was well known by the League Secretariat, by the League members and by the American State Department. No great gift of prophecy was required to predict that Japan, at the first favorable opportunity, would do exactly what it has now done. The League Covenant, in Article XI, expressly gives to each member "the friendly right . . . to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends." Yet nothing was done till Japan's army was actually on the march and it was too late for any effective action.

If the problem of the Manchurian railway treaties, which form the basic cause of the present crisis, could have been brought before the League a year ago, or two years ago, the Council, or the World Court, might have had a chance of solving it. In 1929, especially, public opinion in Japan was relatively friendly towards China, and many Japanese who are today shouting that China must be crushed were then demanding peace and increased trade with China. Why, then, was the League not endeavoring in 1929 to solve the Manchurian question, instead of devoting its energy, as it has done ever since it was founded, to the multiplication of rubegoldbergian peace machinery which, when a crisis like the present one arrives, is seen to be so wildly fantastic that no sensible person dreams of applying it? The fault is not the League's, nor the League Covenant's. To have raised the question of Japan's railways in southern Manchuria would have been also to raise the question of France's railroad in Kwangtung, in the south of China, and of England's numerous railroads, and America's and England's mines and factories, in the Yangtse Valley and north China. This was something which the great powers, which now evince horror and indignation at Japan's aggression, would not permit.

The lesson of this experience is that if the League is to maintain peace, it cannot do so by emergency action after a crisis has become acute, by the threat of sanctions which nobody concerned is ready to execute, and which, if executed, are likely to mean an extension of war. Much the same situation which existed a year or two ago in Manchuria exists now in Europe. Everyone knows this hostility contains the threat of war. Peace must be organized, whether in Asia or Europe, by the adjustment of the basic difficulties from which war may arise, at a time when the forces of militaristic nationalism are still in leash. It can be achieved only when everyone concerned is willing to pay the price.

How to Boycott Japan

IF JAPAN should wage long continued and avowed war, whether with China or with Russia or with both, it would be difficult to avoid the conclusion that she had brought about hostilities in violation of three of her solemn international obligations—the League of Nations Covenant, the Kellogg-Briand Pact, and the Nine-Power Pacific Treaty. If this occurs, there is bound to be a strong demand for the application of economic sanctions—indeed, that demand has already raised its head. The United States, to be sure, is not a member of the League, but she is a signatory of the other two treaties, and it will be asked insistently whether she will be content to watch them torn to scraps of paper without more than verbal objection.

The New Republic has, ever since the last War, opposed the project of attempting to maintain peace by the application of sanctions, whether military or economic. Here we do not intend to discuss the subject in general, but to examine the practicality of such proposals with relation to the existing crisis.

An excellent and scholarly work on Japan's economic situation, by Dr. Harold G. Moulton of the Institute of Economics, with the collaboration of Mr. Junichi Ko, chief of the Economic Research Department of the Bank of Japan, has recently been published by the Brookings Institution. This book, entitled "Japan," confirms the generally accepted conclusion that Japan's economic life depends heavily on her foreign trade. She has so large a population in relation to her arable land that she does not wholly feed herself, and it would be out of the question to maintain anything like her present standard of living in other respects if she were forced to be self-sustaining. Of Japan's total foreign trade, nearly 36 percent is with the United States, which bulks larger in the figures than any other nation. Next in line is China, with 12.8 percent; this part of Japan's commerce is already well on its way to extinction on account of the Manchurian difficulty. But trade with the United States is even more important than these crude figures imply. Raw silk constitutes Japan's chief article of export—it makes up 36 percent by value of all she ships out—and 97 percent of her raw-silk exports come to the United States. Japan in turn receives from us 40 percent of the raw cotton which she manufactures into cloth. The export of this accounts for much of her sales, not only to China but to British India, her third largest customer.

An embargo placed by the United States on all exports to and imports from Japan would therefore ruin her in short order, even if no other nation acted. Such an embargo would also injure this nation greatly—so much, in fact, that it hardly comes within the realm of practical politics. In a time of depression, with a huge cotton surplus and a silk industry in difficulties, we should scarcely be ready to make this sacrifice for the sake of any in-

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terest we may have in Asia, or for abstract international justice.

Japan normally imports from us also a considerable amount of steel products. Her iron and steel industry has been subject to a forced development, but it supplies only 60 percent of her total wants because she carries it on under a disadvantage. She has only small deposits of iron. Most of her ore has to be imported—from Manchuria, China or the Malay Peninsula. Manchurian ore is of low grade and expensive to work. The other sources are far away, and shipping charges add to the cost. Japan also has a shortage of good coking coal, though her coal supplies are large in the aggregate. In case of a major war, even with complete military control of Manchuria, Japan would probably need to expand considerably her imports of steel and steel products, not to speak of many other military necessities. It might be proposed, therefore, that we place an embargo on the sale to Japan of steel and other essentially military supplies. But it is probable that no such embargo would be necessary, for the following very good reason.

Japan's finances are not in the best of shape. Dr. Moulton demonstrates that the accounts of the national government, if properly interpreted, show an almost continual excess of expenditures over receipts for many years, with the exception of the period of the World War. The deficiency has been made up by borrowing. The government debt has been rising every year from 1918 to date, and in recent years it has been rising rapidly. So serious has the situation become that the present civilian administration resolved, before the outbreak of hostilities, to make a heroic effort to balance the budget and cease borrowing. And Dr. Moulton shows that in order to achieve this end military expenses would have to be reduced. In very recent years they have amounted to about $250,000,000 annually, or considerably more than a quarter of the total national expenditures. Of course a war would knock this policy galley-west, and make necessary huge increases of government borrowing.

There is little doubt that Japan could float large internal loans for war. But that would do her no good in paying for purchases abroad. A nation can buy outside her own borders only by giving goods or gold or services in exchange—or by selling securities in foreign countries. The goods and services which Japan is now able to export barely pay for her peacetime requirements. Normally, she has an adverse trade balance. Her deposits in foreign banks are small, and she owns few foreign investments to dispose of—most of what she has are in Manchuria and China; half of them are tied up in the South Manchuria Railway itself. Japan would be compelled, in case of a war, to finance it by borrowing money in this country and Europe.

Great Britain and Germany certainly are in no position to extend new loans to Japan. France might do so, but she has increasing financial troubles of her own. Our government would lend no money to Japan and would scarcely encourage such lending by others for war purposes. Our citizens have become disillusioned about the safety of foreign loans, especially to nations involved in war finance. And what would be thought of Japan's credit if she embarked on a desperate adventure?

Japan is already a debtor nation. The net foreign debt of her national and local governments and of private institutions is now about 800,000,000 yen. The ratio of her per-capita foreign debt to her per-capita wealth is considerably larger than that of Italy, France or Great Britain. It would, writes Dr. Moulton, "be distinctly unfortunate if the foreign indebtedness continued to increase." This judgment was rendered in relation to peacetime fiscal operations. But if Japan placed her future financial security in serious jeopardy by largely enhancing the domestic obligations of her government, by completing the ruin of the Chinese market, and by getting herself into such a precarious situation in Asia that greatly increased military expenses would be necessary in years to come, for self-protection, if not for holding conquered territory inhabited by subject peoples, any loans she might get abroad would be almost certain in the end to be defaulted. Only criminally reckless bankers would underwrite them, and only insane investors would buy them. Indeed, it is likely that Japan's operations in Manchuria so far have already injured her foreign credit beyond hope of repair for a long time to come.

We need impose no embargo to prevent Japan from carrying on war. The embargo on war supplies will be self-effected, because Japan cannot fight without borrowing from us and, unless we are downright fools, she will be unable to borrow. All the world—except possibly Japan—is now learning by bitter experience that military adventure does not pay in pounds, dollars, marks, francs—or yen. And Japan, with her alarming growth of population, her limited resources, and her need of devoting all her energy to enlarging foreign markets for manufacturers, is likely to learn this by an even harder lesson than the rest of the world, unless she promptly makes a right-about-face.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1931, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

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Russia in Hope

THINGS TO REMEMBER. — Every American visitor to Russia would do well to write a few observations on a card and put it into the mirror in his hotel room where he can see it every day:

1. The U.S.S.R. should be viewed in terms of what Russia once was, and not in terms of what America now is. Unless you saw the country before the revolution, you should be very careful indeed in commenting on present conditions.

2. The only safe clue to the situation there is to remember that Communism in Russia is still on the whole more Russian than communistic.

3. While the character of the rising generation is a new thing in the world, Russia is still dominated by persons who came to maturity before 1917, and in mentality they are pretty much what Russians have always been.

4. The effort to build a highly industrialized civilization in a nation composed mostly of illiterate peasants, and to do this in the course of a few years, must rank as one of the most desperate ventures in all history.

Blinders on tourists.—Lest I be judged guilty of violating the first principle enunciated above, let me remark that most of what I shall have to say in this and subsequent articles about Russia is not the result of original observations. It is the consensus of many conversations with permanent, or at least long-term, residents, some of them Russians but most of them Americans—journalists, engineers, agricultural experts, etc. They know as much about what is happening there as anyone outside the government, and they spoke more frankly than any official would be likely to do (although I also had enlightening discussions with Soviet officials about theories and paper plans). Most of my informants are non-Communists. Parenthetically, the stock idea outside Russia that one sees there only what the government wishes, and is shown a mere series of "Potemkin villages," is a misleading half-truth. In my own case, for instance, I went where I pleased and when I pleased; and at my numerous talks with foreign experts, no Russian was present (unless the G. P. U. has an unbelievable ingenuity in hiding its dictographs). Even from watching the crowds in the street, their clothing, their faces, one can learn a good deal; and certainly, no one will pretend that the government can dress up millions of people and set them parading just for the sake of impressing a foreigner.

Through a door into sunshine.—To go from Germany to Russia in the autumn of 1931 is an extraordinary physical experience. As I suggested in my first article, Germany is today a land dominated by fear. Her people live in daily dread of a revolution, either by the Fascists or the Communists; they anticipate that their currency may at almost any moment be subjected again to involuntary and uncontrollable inflation; they have already 5,000,000 unemployed, expect this number to grow during the winter, and consider the outlook for their industry to be about as dark as possible.

Russia, on the contrary, is a land of hope; it strikes you almost with the force of a blow, as soon as you are across the border. Even the non-Communists share the universal belief that the worst is now over, and look forward to a future which will grow steadily brighter. There is universal testimony that a general and marked improvement (not seasonal in character) has taken place in the past few months, particularly in regard to food; and it is everywhere believed that this is but the beginning. It is true that Russia has been hard hit by the world-wide depression, which has curtailed the prices of her exports, mostly raw materials, far more than it has the cost of the machinery which is her chief present import. But it seems quite absurd to talk about Russia's "going bankrupt" on this account. On the contrary, Russia is perhaps the one country in the world which is least likely to go bankrupt, for the reason that every factor in the internal financial and economic situation is absolutely in the hands of the government.

Her paper currency has long been depreciated about 90 percent in the smugglers' market, in Berlin and Warsaw; but it is at par for the Russians, and she pays for her imports either with exports or with gold. Internal prices are all fixed by government orders which are implicitly obeyed; on one day, for example, in the week in which I am writing, all retail prices in the special government stores which compete with the free markets were reduced about 30 percent. The U.S.S.R. could go off the gold standard or treble the reserves and the people would never know the difference. The country is now more nearly self-sufficient than any other Great Power in the world; it has begun to produce its own cotton, tea, tobacco and even, in an experimental way, rubber. If, for the reason stated above, the U.S.S.R. should find herself unable to pay for her present quantity of imports, she can and will reduce them until they equal the value of her present exports plus tourist revenue and such amounts of gold as she is at the moment willing to release. (She will also, of course, arrange the longest possible credits in the largest possible amounts, as she has done in Germany, and buy as little as she can in a hostile country like the United States.)

Her immediate predicament may mean that she

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must slow down the Five Year Plan somewhat, and this would probably be a good thing. For this heroic enterprise is being accomplished at the price of a terrible strain on the whole Russian people; all the vast new factories which are being built (many of which are just now coming into production) are paid for out of the living standard. It would do the country no real harm if some of the foodstuffs and other things which have been exported to build up foreign credits and buy precious machinery were to be used at home.

Chilly days for foreign technicians.—The most striking immediate result of the foreign-trade situation is that Russia is suffering a serious deficit of foreign money. This is one reason why she is now encouraging tourist trade with might and main, and why there are stores and restaurants in the chief cities where Russian goods are on sale at attractively low prices, but only for outside currency—*valuta*. It is forbidden to take rubles out of the country and, in the first days of the Five Year Plan, many American experts had contracts which provided that half or even three-quarters of their salaries should be paid in dollars in New York. But today, with millions out of work in America, there is a "buyers' market" for technicians, and salary contracts are being written which provide that payment shall be in rubles only. Russia is actually sending out of the country some of the much-needed foreign experts who refuse to be paid in this way, simply because she cannot find dollars for them.

How tall is a tree?—There could be no more irrelevant inquiry than the one so often heard in the United States: Will the Five Year Plan succeed or fail? If a man sets out to stack a ten-foot pile of bricks in the course of one day, he may or may not achieve this purpose; but even if he does not, such bricks as he has succeeded in stacking are still there. In some of its hundreds of aspects the Five Year Plan is already accomplished; in others, the goal will probably be reached by January 1, 1933, the end of the four-year period into which the effort has been condensed; in still others, presumably, the achievement will be only 90 percent, or 75, or 60. But it is now quite impossible that there should be a sufficient margin of failure to daunt the Communists. Whatever the actual results, the next Five Year Plan will be announced, and work go forward as usual.

The gravest peril to the Russian program is, of course, the threat of war. It is astonishing to a stranger to see how implicitly all Russians, whether Communists or not, accept the doctrine that the Western capitalistic powers will presently use military means in the attempt to destroy the socialist experiment—not on the ground that it is a failure, but for the exactly opposite reason that it is succeeding all too well. In the midst of the desperate struggle for industrialization, the Soviet government is spending vast sums on the Red army and rehearsing the civilian population, even down to teaching the school children how to use gas masks for protection in case of aerial attack. Their enemies say that the army is not for defense, but to carry out an ultimate imperialistic policy which will not differ greatly from that of the Tsars; but when you are on the ground, such an interpretation seems plain nonsense. The Russian Communist officials are not such fools as to suppose that they can spread their doctrine in other lands by using guns. Whatever their overenthusiastic leaders may have thought a few years ago, today they realize that radicalism in any country is a native plant which must grow, in the main, at its own rate, and can be forced very little, if at all. To be sure, the Russians are like any other people in taking a simple pride in their army, some of whose units are, by their own standards, well equipped and trained. But their one present hope is that they may be let alone to work out their domestic program.

At the moment, Moscow is watching with the greatest anxiety the developments in Manchuria; and it is quite possible that before these words are printed, the U.S.S.R. may be actively engaged in military operations there. A Communist government in Russia is like any other, anywhere, in that it hates to seem intimidated, is reluctant to "lose face" by yielding to an arrogant foe. I believe it is this, rather than any remnants of Tsarist imperialism, which has thus far prevented its getting out of the three-cornered situation in the Far East. Certainly, I don't see how anyone can come to Russia and still believe that the Russians want war.

Prosperity by the card.—If you ask how the average Russian is faring nowadays, the only possible answer is that there is no such person. Everything depends upon the classification in which the individual finds himself. Not only are wage rates markedly different for various groups, but the purchasing power of their money is subject to tremendous variation. Even for two persons whose classification cards are exactly similar, there may be a great difference depending upon the abilities of the manager of one store or another, or whether the factory kitchen in either case is well conducted. There is a shortage of everything in Russia—except, perhaps, speeches—and goods are rationed on a system of priorities. The army and the factory workers of course come first. While it is hard to say with scientific accuracy, most of the independent authorities with whom I talked thought that the peasant comes second (his status is subject to great local variation). Then follow clerical workers, professional men, and so on until we reach the disfranchised, cardless classes—priests, employers of labor, etc., who must buy in the open market at high prices and have a very hard time of it indeed.

But even when you have worked out the situation in regard to wages, food, clothing, and so on, for any individual, you have only begun to tell the story. For he has a whole series of State-provided services

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and insurances which have no counterpart in the United States. He has security in old age, in illness or in involuntary unemployment. He has, in a rapidly growing number of cases, new living quarters which by previous Russian proletarian or peasant standards are absolutely palatial. His recreation and cultural advancement are planned and administered by expert hands, on a scale never dreamed of before or elsewhere.

Yet even all this does not touch the real heart of the matter. During the misnamed Great War, millions of Americans went without food, saved gasoline, paid staggering taxes, and did this with the greatest cheerfulness because they were united in a common effort to do something which (at the time) seemed important. The Russians, living at a standard still very far below that of the United States as a whole, are animated by a similar psychology. This does not apply merely, I am convinced, to the small percentage of the population which belongs to the Communist party. The Five Year Plan, and its successors, have now been sold successfully to the whole country. To equal and surpass the level of production in the capitalistic countries in the shortest possible time, and certainly not later than 1943, has become a great game. As a wise man once observed, people do not really live by bread, but by catchwords. All of Russia (minus, of course, the inevitable minimum of frightened, unhappy and sometimes destructive malcontents) has a successful catchword today. With the Communists, as has so often been observed, their faith has become fanaticism, a neo-Cromwellianism; but even the non-Communists have now enough zest in the game to outweigh many of the discomforts they must undergo. To be hungry and cold is unpleasant; but one's suffering is mitigated when one knows (or believes: it comes to precisely the same) that everyone else is cold and hungry, too, that a better day is coming, and that this better day is in fact made possible by present sacrifices. . . . The human animal is queer; and despite economic determination, if you want to find out whether or not he is happy, you must still begin and end your search in his mind.

Moscow. BRUCE BLIVEN.

This is the second of a series of articles describing a European Grand Tour, 1931. The third article, also dealing with Russia, will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

Harlan: Working under the Gun

EVERYBODY knows that the coal industry is sick and that the men working at our most dangerous occupation (every sixth man is injured in the course of a year) are badly off, but few Americans outside of the miners themselves understand how badly off, or how completely the "American standard of living" attained in some sections during boom years, with strong unions working under the Jacksonville agreement, has collapsed. The coal operators, who have been unable to organize their industry commercially or financially along modern lines, have taken effective common action in only one direction: in an attack against the unions, the wage scales and the living conditions of the men who dig the coal out for them. Harlan County in eastern Kentucky, which has been brought out into the spotlight this summer by the violence with which the local Coal Operators' Association has carried on this attack, is, as far as I can find out, a pretty good medium exhibit of the entire industry: living conditions are better than in Alabama and perhaps a little worse than in the Pittsburgh district. The fact that the exploited class in Harlan County is of old American pre-Revolutionary stock, that the miners still speak the language of Patrick Henry and Daniel Boone and Andrew Jackson and conserve the pioneer traditions of the Revolutionary War and of the conquest of the West, will perhaps win them more sympathy from the average American than he would waste on the wops and bohunks he is accustomed to see get the dirty end of the stick in labor troubles.

I: WAR ZONE

I am sad and weary, I've got the
hongry ragged blues,
Not a penny in my pocket
to buy one thing I need to use
I was up this mornin
with the worst blues ever had in my life
Not a bit to cook for breakfast
or for a coalminer's wife.

The mines in Harlan County are in the forks and creeks of the upper part of the Cumberland River. A comparatively new coal field, first developed on a large scale during the boom in production that went along with the European War, its output is said to be a very high grade of bituminous. The miners were organized 90 percent by the United Mine Workers of America around 1917. In the 1920 boom a union miner was sometimes able, hiring several "chalkeyes" (inexperienced helpers) at $8 a day, to clear two or three hundred dollars a month. Railways pushed into the leafy valleys of the Cumberland range, fairly prosperous towns grew up. The population of Harlan County increased three or fourfold. Local business men who had managed to get hold of coal lands prospered on leases and royalties. Mountaineer

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had lived poor and free on their hillside farms came down into the valleys to work in the mines and live in "patches" of temporary houses, put up by the companies. The race for riches went to the heads of the operators. The fact of having a little cash every two weeks went to the heads of the miners. The union turned into a racket and lapsed. Financiers skimmed the cream off the coal companies and left them overcapitalized and bankrupt. In the fat years no one thought of taking any measures of civic organization to help tide them over the lean years that were to follow—a typical American situation. Headlong deflation left the coal operators broke and the miners starving.

Last winter was pretty bad. When spring came along, the miners around Evarts began to think something ought to be done to revive the old locals of the U. M. W. of A. Wages had been steadily slipping. Conditions of safety were getting worse. A few old Wobblies and radicals began to talk class war; some of the youngsters began to wonder about socialism. A meeting was held in Pineville to talk about union organization. Two hundred men lost their jobs and were blacklisted. The coal operators, scared by the flood of anti-Red propaganda fed them through detective agencies and professional labor-baiting organizations, began to hire extra guards. Their position depended on their underselling the coal regions where traces of unionism still remained. Trusting to the terrible unemployment to break any strike that might be pulled, they took the offensive. In April they started evicting active union men from their houses. In the eastern counties of Kentucky every man considers himself entitled to carry a gun and to protect himself with it against insult and aggression. It was not long before a skirmish took place between miners and guards sworn in as deputies. This was followed, on May 5, by an out-and-out battle on the road outside of Evarts.

The townspeople of Evarts explain it this way: The town was full of evicted miners who seem to have had the pretty complete sympathy of the townspeople (the small merchants and storekeepers are against the mine operators because they force the miners to trade at the company commissaries). Feeling was running high. The mine guards made a practice of riding slowly through the town with their cars in second, machine guns and sawed-off shotguns sticking out of the windows, "tantalizing us," as one man put it. The morning of the fight, a rumor went around that the sheriff was going to bring in some carloads of scabs. Miners congregated on the road across the bridge from Evarts. The Coal Operators' Association claims that the miners were lying in ambush, an assertion which the miners deny. A carload of deputies came in from Harlan town. Shooting began, and lasted for thirty minutes. In the course of it three deputies were killed and several wounded; one miner was also killed and others wounded. Deputies then took Evarts, [illegible] anybody they could lay their hands on. For some time the town had been under the cross-fire of their machine guns. The next morning Judge D. C. Jones—his wife is a member of the Hall family, which has mining interests in the vicinity—called a grand jury which the miners assert was illegally picked, made them a fiery speech denouncing I. W. W.'s and Reds. This grand jury returned thirty triple-murder indictments and thirty indictments for banding and confederating. Among those indicted were the town clerk and chief of police of Evarts. From then on through the summer the elected town officers of Evarts were superseded by the high sheriff's men, whose salaries are paid by the coal operators. No indictments were returned against mine guards or deputy sheriffs who had taken part in the battle, or against a mine guard who later killed Chasteen, a restaurant owner in Evarts who was on the miners' side.

About that time, so far as I can make out, the communist-affiliated National Miners' Union, which was conducting a strike against the Pittsburgh Terminal Company, sent organizers into eastern Kentucky, and N. M. U. locals began to be formed out of the wreckage of the old U. M. W. of A. In Evarts itself the I. W. W. seems to have had more influence than the Communists. The thing is that the miners felt that they were fighting for their lives and were ready to join any organization that would give them back solidarity and support them in their struggle against intolerable conditions. I talked to men who had joined all three unions.

Meanwhile the Coal Operators' Association was out to crush radicalism in Harlan County. The automobile of the I. L. D. relief worker was mysteriously dynamited. The soup kitchen in Evarts, which was feeding four hundred men, women and children a day, was blown up. In an attack on another soup kitchen at the swimming hole near Wallins Creek, two union men were killed and several wounded. Union organizers were beaten and run out of the county. Bruce Crawford of Crawford's Weekly, who greatly annoyed Sheriff Blair by publishing the miners' side of the story, was mysteriously shot from ambush. Boris Israel, Federated Press correspondent, was seized on the steps of the courthouse at Harlan, taken for a ride in perfect Chicago style, thrown out of the car on a lonely road and shot. Houses were raided, and many union sympathizers (among them Arnold Johnson, a theological student, who was an investigator for the American Civil Liberties Union) were arrested and jailed on the charge of criminal syndicalism. The Knoxville News Sentinel, a Scripps-Howard paper which printed stories about the frightful plight of the miners, was taken out of the newsstands in Harlan and its reporters were so intimidated the editor never dared send the same man up to Harlan twice.

All this time in the adjacent Bell County, where living conditions among the miners are worse if possible than in Harlan, the high sheriff has told

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the coal operators that if they make any trouble, he will cancel the deputy commissions of the mine guards, with the result that there has been no bloodshed, although there have been successful strikes in several small mines along Straight Creek.

II: Enter the Writers' Committee

When my husband works in the coalmines,
he loads a car on every trip,
Then he goes to the office that evenin
an gits denied of scrip—
Jus because it took all he had made that day
to pay his mine expenses—
Jus because it took all he had made that day
to pay his mine expenses.
A man that'll jus work for coal light an carbide
he ain't got a speck of sense.

Breakfast in the station at Cincinnati. After that the train crosses the Ohio River and starts winding through the shallow valleys of the rolling section of central Kentucky. At lunch time to get to the dining car we have to walk through a federal prison car on its way to Atlanta. Change at Corbin onto a local train for Pineville. The Louisville papers say Governor Sampson is sending a detachment of militia into Harlan County. As we get near Pineville the valleys deepen. Steep hills burnished with autumn cut out the sky on either side. There's the feeling of a train getting near the war zone in the old days.

At the station is a group of miners and their wives come to welcome the writers' committee: they stand around a little shyly, dressed in clean ragged clothes. A little coaldust left in men's eyebrows and lashes adds to the pallor of scrubbed faces, makes you think at once what a miserable job it must be keeping clean if you work in coal. At the Hotel Continental Mr. Dreiser is met by newspaper men, by the mayor and town clerk of Pineville, who offer their services "without taking sides." Everybody is very polite. A reporter says that Judge D. C. Jones is in the building. A tall man in his thirties, built like a halfback, strides into the lobby. There's something stiff and set about the eyes and the upper part of his face; a tough customer. When he comes up to you you realize he must stand six-feet-six in his stocking feet. He and Mr. Dreiser meet and talk rather guardedly. Judge Jones says he's willing to answer any questions put to him about the situation in Harlan County. Mr. Dreiser and Judge Jones are photographed together on the steps of the hotel. Mrs. Grace of Wallins Creek, the wife of Jim Grace, a union organizer who was beaten up and run out of the county, comes up and asks Judge Jones why the sheriff's deputies raided her house and ransacked her things and her boarders' rooms. The interview comes abruptly to an end.

When the members of the committee settle down at a long table in a room off the lobby to decide on a plan of procedure, stories start pouring in.

Mr. Dreiser, after questioning Mrs. Grace about her husband's former employment—a former miner now working in a store, he was prominent in organizing the N. M. U.—asks her how he was arrested:

> A. I was not with him, but he was arrested in Letcher County. Neon. Him and Tom Myerscough were together.
>
> Q. What were they doing?
>
> A.They were trying to get the union organized. They were organizing against starvation. They were establishing a union for better conditions.
>
> Q. What happened to him?
>
> A. After they came to the house looking for him, he went away and stayed at a friend's house and then he and Tom went to Neon, Letcher County. There he was arrested and took to jail in Neon. Then he was turned over to the Jenkins' bunch of gunmen.
>
> Q. Well, what happened then?
>
> A. Him and Myerscough were turned over to the Harlan County bunch and they takes them over to the Big Black Mountains of Virginia. They bust him in the face and broke his cheek bone. They kicked him in the back. He ran into the woods and they fired at him.
>
> Q. How many shots did they fire?
>
> A. About fifty I guess.
>
> Q. Did they hit him?
>
> A. Well he was grazed at the elbow.
>
> Q. What did he do?
>
> A. He went on to Middlesboro and stayed at a friend's house. But I didn't know. When I first got word that Mr. Grace and Tom was held in jail, I didn't know whether he was in Harlan, Jenkins, or Neon. I goes out and went to get somebody to find out. We thought they were killed. I started to get hold of the I. L. D. and I just happened in where Mr. Grace was and I asked the lady whether her husband was there and I found out that Jim was there. His face and eyes was swollen black and blue. He was crazy as a loon.

Then she testified to raids on her house and her boarders' rooms being searched for I. W. W. and Com-MU-nist literature. Then an organizer for the union testified about having his house broken into and his guns seized (the possession of firearms is legal in Kentucky), a vice president of the Kentucky State Federation of Labor turned over some documents to the effect that when the state militia came in after the Evarts battle last spring the operators had promised the U. M. W. of A. that they wouldn't take that opportunity of importing scabs, and in spite of that had imported scabs. A young man brought a mysterious message warning the writers' committee not to attend the meeting called by the National Miners' Union at Wallins Creek on Sunday, as there'd surely be trouble there. Bruce Crawford told the story of his quarrel with Sheriff John Henry Blair: how Blair had gone to see him in Norton and complained of the attitude of his paper, had taken a subscription and left, and how the next time Craw-

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ford went to Harlan several shots had been fired at him as he crossed the swinging footbridge over the river, one of them nicking him in the ankle. The most moving testimony was that of Jeff Baldwin, whose brother Julius had been killed by deputies at the swimming-hole soup kitchen. His story was that two or more deputies had driven up the dirt road that leads up the hill from the main road to the shack where the soup kitchen was located, had stopped the sedan so that the headlights shone full in the door dazzling the group of miners standing around it, that one deputy, Lee Fleener by name, had first yelled "Put up your hands" and then immediately opened fire. Baldwin's brother and another man had been killed and he himself wounded in the shoulder as he ducked for shelter inside the shack. In spite of the fact that the coroner's jury had named Lee Fleener and other persons unknown as the murderers, no action had been taken by the county prosecutor.

Next day the committee went up to Harlan, a fine ride up the magnificent valley of the Cumberland River. Harlan is a lively little town; stores and bank buildings attest to the slightly flimsy prosperity of the boom period; the handsome courthouse takes away a little from the gimcrack air of a Southern industrial town.

Meanwhile, in a crowded room in the Llewellyn Hotel, miners and their wives were telling their stories:

> Q. For how many years have you been a miner?
> A. From twenty to twenty-five years.
> Q. Have you done most of your mining here in Harlan County?
> A. Since 1917. . . .
> Q. When you were in good standing with this union [the United Mine Workers] how much did you make a day?
> A. When we had a union here I could make from four dollars to five dollars to six dollars a day.
> Q. How much did you make a month?
> A. Anywhere maybe along from eighty dollars to one hundred.
> Q. How much did you work for after the union broke up?
> A. They kept cutting wages down till you hardly couldn't make anything at all. . . .
> Q. This thirty dollars that you would get, was it in scrip or in cash?
> A. No, sir, you hardly ever drew any money on that. You traded your scrip in at the store, the company store, and part of the time they had you in debt.
> Q. Did you buy clothing at the company store or food?
> A. Food. I couldn't get enough to buy clothes.
> Q. How did you get clothing?
> A. I generally sent out to beg and did the best I could.

This miner testified that since he'd been fired he had lived "on the mercy of the people." Being asked what criminal syndicalism, the charge on which he had been arrested and bonded over to keep the peace, meant to him, he said: "The best I can give it is going against your country, but that is something I never did do. I never thought about such a thing. . . . My family always fought for the country and I've always been for it."

Then Mr. Dreiser questioned a woman who refused to give her name, saying she was afraid her husband would lose his job if the boss found out she'd testified. They were living in a company house, where they'd been living for three weeks. In that time the husband had received only scrip.

> Q. How do you manage to live?
> A. We have just managed to exist. I will tell you that I've had just one dollar in the last three days to live on, my husband and myself and two children.
> Q. I wonder how you distribute that money around.
> A. We live on beans and bread. We don't get no dinner. . . . There don't none of you know how hard a man works that works in the mines and I'll tell you what I had to put in his bucket this morning for him to eat and work hard all day. There was a little cooked punkin and what you folks call white meat, just fat white bacon, and that's what he took to the mines to eat and work on and he had water gravy for breakfast and black coffee.
> Q. And what's water gravy?
> A. Water and grease and a little flour in it.
> Q. What do you give the children?
> A. They had the same breakfast and they don't get no dinner. . . . They're not in a situation to go to school because they have no shoes on their feet and no underwear on them and the few clothes they have, they are through them.

In the afternoon Mr. Dreiser visited Sheriff Blair in his office and asked him some questions. The sheriff said that the National Mine Workers was a Communist organization and that the U. M. W. of A. had not been, that he considered The Daily Worker and all other Communist, I. W. W. or Red publications illegal, and explained that most of the deputies he had sworn in were mine guards paid by the coal operators. He didn't know how many deputies he had sworn in. The only money they got from his office were fees for arrests and summonses. He brought the interview to a lively close by serving Bruce Crawford with a $50,000 civil suit for slander.

Next morning County Prosecutor Will Brock was interviewed. He said he approved of unionism, if it was a legal unionism like that of the U. M. W. of A., but that he considered all this I. W. W.-Communist agitation illegal and seditious. As an example of a fellow that he'd thought at first was decent and that had then turned out to be a Communist, he mentioned Arnold Johnson, investigator for the American Civil Liberties Union. The interview was made fairly tense by the interruptions of an attorney named Jones, who shares his office with him, who said he was just waiting to tell the whole damned bunch what he thought of

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them; on being asked about a deputy named Heywood who was reputed to be a Chicago gunman, he said grimly through his teeth: "All right, if you want to see him so bad, you'll see him." We learned afterward that his brother had been killed in the Evarts fight, and that he himself had taken part in raids on miners' houses.

III: The Meeting in Straight Creek

All the women in this coalcamp
are sittin with bowed down heads
All the women in this coalcamp
are sittin with bowed down heads
Ragged an barefooted an their
children acryin for bread
No food no clothes for our children
I'm sure this ain't no lie
No food no clothes for our children
I'm sure this ain't no lie
If we can't get no more for our labor
we will starve to death and die.

Straight Creek is the section of Bell County that has been organized fairly solid under the National Miners' Union. Owing, the miners say, to the fair-minded attitude of the sheriff, who has not allowed the mine guards to molest them, there has been no bloodshed, and a three weeks' strike ended the week before we got there with several small independent operators signing agreements with the union at thirty-eight cents a ton and allowing a union checkweighman. They say thirty-eight cents is not a living wage but that it's something to begin on. The committee had been invited to attend a meeting of the N. M. U. local at the Glendon Baptist Church and walked around the miners' houses first. The militia officers who accompanied us were impressed with the utter lack of sanitation and the miserable condition of the houses, tumble-down shacks set up on stilts with the keen mountain wind blowing through the cracks in the floor.

The midwife at Straight Creek, Aunt Molly Jackson, who later spoke at the meeting and sang these blues of her own composing that I've been quoting at the heads of the sections, was questioned by Mr. Dreiser:

Q. Can you tell us something about the conditions of the people in this hollow?

A. The people in this country are destitute of anything that is really nourishing to the body. That is the truth. Even the babies have lost their lives and we have buried from four to seven a week during the warm weather . . . on account of cholera, flux, famine, stomach trouble brought on by undernourishment. Their food is very bad, such as beans and harsh foods fried in this lard that is so hard to digest. . . . Families have had to depend on the Red Cross. The Red Cross put out some beans and corn.

Q. Do they give it to everyone that asks?

A. No, they stop it when they know a man belongs to the union.

Q. What did they say about it?

A. The Red Cross is against a man who is trying to better conditions. They are for the operators and they want the mines to be going, so they won't give anything to a man unless he does what the operators want him to. . . . I talked to the Red Cross lady over in Pineville. I said there's a lot of little children in destitution. Their feet are on the ground. They have come so far. They are going to get pneumonia and flu this winter that will kill them children off.

Q. Did she offer to give you any relief?

A. No, because they was members of the National Miners' Union. They said, "We are not responsible for those men out on strike. They should go back to work and work for any price that they will take them on for."

The meeting in the Baptist Church was conducted by a young fellow who'd been a preacher. Men and women spoke. Two representatives of the I. L. D. made speeches. One of the miners said in his speech that the reason they called them Reds was because the miners were so thin an' poor that if you stood one of 'em up against the sun you'd see red through him. All through the meeting a stout angry woman, who we were told was the bookkeeper at the Carey mine and the Red Cross distributor, stood in the aisle with her arms akimbo glaring at the speakers as if she was going to start trouble of some kind. All she did was occasionally to taunt the chairman with the fact that he owed her ten dollars. The high point of the meeting was Aunt Molly Jackson's singing of her blues:

Please don't go under those mountains
with the slate ahangin over your head,
Please don't go under those mountains
with the slate ahangin over your head
An work for jus coal light an carbide
an your children acryin for bread;
I pray you take my council
please take a friend's advice:
Don't load no more, don't put out no more
till you get a livin price.

IV: Last Vestige of Democracy

This minin town I live in
is a sad an a lonely place,
This minin town I live in
is a sad an a lonely place,
For pity and starvation
is pictured on every face,
Everybody hongry and ragged,
no slippers on their feet,
Everybody hongry and ragged,
no slippers on their feet,
All goin round from place to place
bummin for a little food to eat.
Listen my friends and comrades
please take a friend's advice,
Don't put out no more of your labor
till you get a livin price.

Evarts is probably one of the few towns in the United States that still has democratic government.

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In spite of the fact that it's hemmed in on every side by coal-company property, that the chief of police and town clerk were arrested and charged with murder after the battle in May and that the town policing was done all summer by company guards, at the November election they put in a pro-miner town council by something like 200 to 80 votes. Most of the men at present on trial for their lives come from Evarts, and as far as I could find out from talking around, they have the complete sympathy of the local population. It is in Evarts that the union movement started, and there the miners were first accused of being Reds when it was discovered by the Coal Operators' Association that one of the U. M. W. of A. locals had taken out an I. W. W. charter. The miners on trial for murder are being defended by the General Defense Committee, the old Wobbly defense, that is unwilling to coöperate with the Communist-affiliated I. L. D. defending the criminal syndicalism and banding and confederating cases that have grown out of attempts to suppress the National Miners' Union. So far as I could make out, the county authorities consider members of either organization equally without human rights. Possibly the I. W. W. occupies a slightly better position, owing to its connection with U. M. W. of A. officials who have contacts with state (Democratic) politics, and to its soft pedaling of class-war talk. But the real point is that the situation of the miners is so desperate that they'll join anything that promises them even temporary help. I asked one man if he'd go to work again under the present scale, supposing he could get past the blacklist. He said, "You starve if you work an' you starve if you don't work. A man 'ud rather starve out in the woods than starve workin' under the gun."

The meeting at Wallins Creek took place in the high-school building and passed off without disorder, though you got the impression that the people who attended it were pretty nervous. The local small merchants seemed strong for the N. M. U. and somebody had put up a banner across the main street that read, "Welcome I. L. D., National Miners' Union, Writers' Committee." The next morning the committee packed up its testimony and left for New York, to be followed by the "toothpick indictment" of Mr. Dreiser and a general indictment of all concerned, including the speakers at the miners' meeting, for criminal syndicalism.

JOHN DOS PASSOS.

The City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels: I

FROM THE HEART of thriving Los Angeles rise the grooves of gorgeous business cathedrals: the blue Avocado Building, bawdy as the peacock's tail, with its frieze of cute little pukids; the golden Lubrication Building, one of the glories of Southern California, which has just failed for $50,000,000; the regal and greenish Citrus Building, made throughout of the purest lime candy, which has just gone a little sugary from the heat.

And there is Aimee McPherson's wonderful Temple, where good-natured but thrilling native angels guard the big red radio tower and see that their kind mistress's voice loses not a vibration of its warmth when it reaches you in your sitting-room at home. There is Syd Grauman's Babylonian Garage, where Purr-Pull and Violet Ray gasolines ensure a maximum of road comfort and soothe the eye with a pretty color. There are little black and silver sandwich bars, functional *à la moderne* and fit to make Frank Lloyd Wright's heart go pit-a-pat in his boots. Nuestro Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles has more lovely girls serving peach freezes and sandwich specials with little pieces of sweet green pickle on the side than any

Now we motor agreeably and speedily along the beautiful residential boulevards. The residential people of Los Angeles are cultivated, enervated people, lovers of mixturesque beauty—and they like to express their emotivation in homes that symphonize their favorite historical films, their best-beloved movie actresses, their luckiest numerological combinations or their previous incarnations and avatars in old Greece, romantic Egypt, quaint Sussex or among the priestesses of love of old India. Here you will see a Pekinese pagoda made of fresh and crackly peanut brittle—there a snow-white marshmallow igloo—or a toothsome pink nougat in the Florentine manner, rich and delicious with embedded nuts. Yonder rears a clean pocket-size replica of heraldic Warwick Castle—yonder drowses a nausey old nance. A wee wonderful Swiss shilly-shally snuggles up beneath a bountiful bougainvillea which is by no means artificially colored. And there a hot little hacienda, a regular *enchilada con queso* with a roof made of that red tomato sauce, barely lifts her long-lashed lavender shades on the soul of old Spanish days.

Here and there the handsome flat old houses of the early California frame-dwellers, or more elab-

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cupolas and gigolos, give a conservative reminder of former fashions—while a big red-brick Methodist church strikes a croak of coarse decorum. Yet not all the places of worship are so sober—a thousand cheery little odd boxes, God boxes, offer you a thousand assorted faiths and a thousand assorted flavors, from Theophistry to Christian Tremens.

Those fine palms with their stiff touseled wigs are like Topsy, they just growed. And here are beautiful Beverly Hills—all flats, it is true, but what flats!—classy homes of real French filmsy-flamsy, coffee, toffee, chalky, cream, crome and bluff. Can't you just see Greta Garbo, alluring, loving and aloof, slinking down the luxurious portico of that gay riviera villa on the arm of a Mediterranean count!

As we leave Hollywood itself behind, a bewilderment of fabricated features amazes us on either side of the smooth coast highway: a big blue will o' the whimsy windmill and a trapper's cabin made of plaster pine logs that sells lime and lemon dope-flavored pop and unbuttered barbecue sandwiches, a monster papier-mâché ice-cream freezer that glorifies ice-cream and a big papier-mâché orange that has gone bankrupt.

The Hollywood zoo, in its excitingly simulated banana and bamboo brake, will exhibit for a quarter a plaster lion, a rubber cobra, a mechanical crocodile, a gorilla with a colored boy inside and a new ball-bearing model of dinosaur eighteen inches high.

Surely that pretty little pink peppermint cabaña must be the home of Mickey the Mouse! And ye olde halffe-timberedde Pigglie Wigglie and ye Olde Gooffe Boofulle Shoppe — what fairy-tales these whimsy-folke make true!

Here you can find bargains in lovely beach-lots and love-birds that go goo-goo—you can buy a chow puppy that is snooty without being snappy or a small sunny walnut farm for a song! For a theme-song you can buy a moorish sinagogue, a regular pitti-pitti palace, with many bathrooms done in onyx Napoleonics and pornographic Pompeian red, mauve and emerald sateen coverlimps on all the die-away divans for didoes and a private slipping pool filled with green fountain-pen ink—a little bit blushful perhaps at selling itself to the pictures for $20,000 a year, but happy as a real bride and with all its problems slobbed! And the Be-Happy-with-a-Home Realty Company is just a brokenne-downe olde picturesque cobwebby comfy shacke recalling the cute olde clockmakers of Nuremberg who would plan you a little gingerbread cottage that the oil-trailers pass at high speed on their way up the macadam highway for about $9,000, including Paris-green blinds, a roof cunningly poked-in in places, a weathervane shaped like a property seal and a view that takes in both the blue-blue sea where every floozy little wave croons, "Sunkist Caliphonia, here I come!" and the brown papier-mâché hills where every prospect appeases and the goofs hang like ripe fruit.

EDMUND WILSON.

Washington Notes

Two Schools of Relief—Federal or Private Charity—No Million from Mellon —Jacking Up the Taxes

QUITE clearly the two big fights in the coming session will be over relief for the unemployed and taxation. Though the outcome is impossible to predict, it is certain that the struggle will be violent and bitter. On the question of relief, there are two distinct schools of politicians, between whom there is a great gulf fixed. One is the school which favors a huge federal appropriation ranging from two to five billions, to provide employment through public works and to ensure food and shelter during the winter. Senator La Follette and the progressive group, who are the leading advocates of this method, not only have strong Democratic support, but also many allies in the orthodox Republican ranks. So powerful is the sentiment for a big loan for direct relief that several usually well posted men with whom I have talked are entirely confident of affirmative action in Congress. Whether the measure can get by a presidential veto, or whether there will be a veto, I do not think anyone is competent at this time to say.

The other school of relief is headed by Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon, who believe that unemployment and distress should be taken care of largely by private charity, city and state. They oppose direct appropriation from the federal Treasury as savoring of the "dole" and establishing a vicious principle. The progressives answer this argument by pointing out that in the past many millions have been appropriated by Congress for relief in other countries, and that some of these appropriations, moreover, were urged by Mr. Hoover himself. Personally, I think the Hoover-Mellon outfit is going to find it rather hard to meet the arguments of the direct-federal-relief forces this winter, for not only has the amount of unemployment been generally underestimated, but the community funds in many states and cities are falling below their expected quotas.

Incidentally, Governor Pinchot's proposal to Mr. Mellon, that Mr. Mellon lend the state of Pennsylvania a million dollars, which he would get back with 4-percent interest if and when the legislature authorized the bonds for the special $35,000,000 relief fund, seemed to me a pretty fair proposal and I was sorry to see Mr. Mellon turn it down. That he and Mr. Pinchot are neither personal nor political friends does not appear, in my judgment, to be an adequate reason for Mellon's refusal.

Whether Mr. Pinchot has politics in the back of his head or not, the fact remains that his scheme is a sound one and Mr. Mellon would have done himself credit had he risen above personal considerations and said yes. The money means nothing to him. He could give five million or ten million as easily as he could one, and not miss it any more than I would $100. It's a pity he couldn't see his way clear to doing it, for this would have stimulated other sluggish multi-millionaires as nothing else would.

If the elderly Croesus had publicly responded to a personal appeal from a political enemy, we would have had our high-bracket-money boys bruising each other in their

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haste to follow his lead. So great is his influence among the vastly wealthy that one can easily imagine the community funds being over instead of undersubscribed, thereby obviating the necessity for the direct federal appropriation to which he is so much opposed. As it is, Mr. Mellon's failure to grasp the opportunity means an increased disposition among his wealthy following not to grasp theirs. A few days later, this man of great wealth who has refused Governor Pinchot his million for unemployment relief was said by newspapers to have purchased art treasures abroad at a cost of several million dollars.

But enough about relief—let us now turn to taxation and to the balancing of the budget, which in another year will be not far from three billion dollars out of whack—a stupendous sum when one considers the many consecutive years of surplus to which we had grown accustomed. A few months ago Mr. Hoover and the administration leaders like Smoot, Watson, Tilson and Hawley were emphatic in the expression of their conviction that it would not be necessary to levy additional taxes. It was agreed that a plan of governmental bond issues, plus a return of prosperity and "rigid departmental economy," would take care of the situation. How, in the circumstances, this view could be seriously held, I failed to see at the time, and said so. To be just, it was never entertained by the Honorable Ogden L. Mills, the real brains of the Treasury Department, who held from the start that the only way to meet a deficit was through taxation. The other view, of course, was colored by fear of the political effect upon the Republican party of a tax increase in the 1932 campaign. Now the whole administration crew has left the sinking ship. Increased taxes, say those who visit the White House for profound conference with the "Chief," are unavoidable. The country must be prepared for them. Of course the country is prepared for them, has been prepared for them ever since last session. Every intelligent man with a mind unclouded by political fear knew they had to come, and now the White House knows it.

The interesting part of the administration's capitulation on taxation is that practically every administration leader appears to have a different idea of what kind of taxes should be imposed, upon whom and how. Mr. Smoot favors the sales tax, Mr. Hawley hates the idea of one and wants taxes, if at all, on the high-bracket incomes and luxuries; Mr. Bachrach of New Jersey, known generally as "Ike," favors the sales tax, but says it is too unpopular to put over, and wants a rigid gift tax along with an increased inheritance tax. Characteristically, Mr. Mellon wants the "base broadened," so that more people will pay taxes and, therefore, more will have the sort of stake in our government that will awaken interest in governmental economy and efficiency in administration. Jim Watson, the brilliant Senate leader of the orthodox Republicans, reluctantly concedes the necessity of higher taxes, but wants them to be as low as possible. There are other ideas among the stalwarts, none of which will be clarified until the presidential recommendations are revealed.

These, I think, will very largely be molded according to the idea of Mellon, or rather Mills, and will also, I think, have the support of the big banks in the East and [illegible] ultimately and inevitably reflect banking opinion. However, the new House is Democratic, and it is the House, not the President, which originates revenue measures. If the House were Republican, the administration could write the tax bill and the Ways and Means Committee would adopt it as its own. But with a Democratic House, the bill will be of Democratic origin and will reflect Democratic ideas. Also, it will be passed by Democratic and progressive votes. It is my opinion that the Treasury attitude this time will not be the prevailing one; that the gift taxes, the inheritance taxes and the high-bracket taxes will be increased to a greater extent than Mr. Mellon, or rather Mr. Mills, proposes; they will, in fact, be increased to the point where painful protests will be heard that "business is being ruined," and the old diminishing-return argument will be renewed. Also, the "base" will not be broadened to the extent desired. It will not be a bill that Mr. Hoover will care for when it gets to him, I am afraid, but he will sign it nevertheless. There will be nothing else for him to do.

Washington. T. R. B.

Three More Plays

Counsellor-at-Law, by Elmer Rice. Plymouth Theatre, November 9, 1931.

Brief Moment, by S. N. Berhman. Belasco Theatre, November 9, 1931.

Reunion in Vienna, by Robert E. Sherwood. Martin Beck Theatre, November 16, 1931.

CURIOUSLY enough, Mr. Rice's play improves by the dramatist's not having tried for heavy truths. We must either create in theatre terms the ideas and motives or else leave them out. "Counsellor-at-Law" is better than "Street Scene" or "The Left Bank," two of Mr. Rice's best known plays, because it assumes less burden of thought that the dramatist cannot quite create, or did not, at least, create in those two plays with any taste or full assimilation into the dramatic form.

The new play tells the story of a lawyer, sprung from the East Side and risen to the top of the New York bar, married to a Gentile society lady whom he takes seriously as an aristocrat and worships as the perfect woman. Long ago he has winked at an alibi that would not hold water and so saved from a life sentence a youth whom neither judge nor jury wished to condemn. A Union League lawyer has at last got hold of this fact and will use it against his rival as a piece of evidence that will disbar him. This rival evidence is met finally, after proper suspense, with a piece of scandalous data obtained for the Jew by another man he has saved from ruin. In the end the aristocratic wife has sailed to Europe without her husband, who had planned the trip but whose sailing is prevented by the Union League peril. He learns that on the same boat there is his wife's admirer, to whom he has been lending money; and so the dream ends. He wishes to throw himself from the window, but is prevented by the Jewish secretary, who will, we are doubtless supposed to believe, eventually marry him.

This play in its pattern has been diversely compared to "Street Scene," and there is something parallel about the husband and wife themes and the racial motives in the two

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plays. But the comparison, it seems to me, is fruitless. The combination, dear to this dramatist's heart, of many races and types is repeated and captures a certain degree of verisimilitude, and the same type-casting continues, with a certain amount of plausibility. "Counsellor-at-Law" seems to me an excellent sort of stock-company play, with streaks of genuine material in it, and with very apt acting opportunities. It profits by the presence in it of so excellent an actress as Miss Jennie Moscowitz, who plays the lawyer's mother, and in this acting respect it leaves the other two plays far behind by having Mr. Paul Muni. I have not seen Mr. Muni in roles of a different nature and can judge only by this. His performance exhibited above all things that gift, not uncommon among Jewish actors, of passing with the greatest ease and persuasiveness from one emotion to another, and of rendering everything with the most disarming truth to reality. Mr. Muni showed also qualities of tenderness and sympathetic understanding that were very fine. It was one of those performances about which we know that we must see the actor in a very different sort of role before we can be sure he is as good as all that.

No little praise is in the air for the entertainment that "Brief Moment" provides, with the accent on Mr. Alexander Woollcott, the former dramatic critic, who takes the role of the sophisticated family friend, and Miss Larrimore, who is the night-club singer married into a society household. Mr. Woollcott's performance errs on the side of isolation, a slant somewhat allowed by the role of modern oracle, but likely to dislocate the scenes. He has, nevertheless, genuine comic gifts and he brought something invaluable to the play. His sense of the audience clicked with every moment he had to manage. It is more than obvious that he may turn out to be in his line one of our best character actors. Miss Larrimore, depicting the woman who has in six months passed from the town's night life into the tone and jargon of a smarter world, was not entirely convincing; but for the most part her transitions and flowing realism were excellent and full of talent. Mr. Robert Douglas, in the role of the young husband, a banker's son, a sort of Hamlet in a mild way, as the family friend points out, played better than most a hard part: young women and young men on our stage seem to be elusive problems, and doubly so when they are intended by the author to have both sensitivity and brains.

It cannot be said too plainly, however, that the element of importance in this event is Mr. Behrman's piece itself. The play does not always progress steadily, perhaps, as a continuous dramatic line, though the line in comedy is rather loose and obliging. But it tries to extract from the characters and from the situation an assemblage of thoughts and reactions such as intelligent people might recognize as lying in their own region. This sounds a simple matter, but is far from it. We do not, with the most wretched settings or with the rawest coincidences of fate in the plot and stage hokum in the acting, accept more than we do in the stage realm of thoughts, reactions and conversation. Very little of the poorest scenery is poorer than the ideas in most plays, though the presence of living vehicles for these ideas, human beings and human voices, gives them some degree of interest and enlists our patience and humanity for stuff that we all know is miles beneath our most ordinary level of intelligence.

The mere mental responses and emotional states of Mr. Behrman's play are a contribution to our stage. What he tries for we are better accustomed to in books than in the theatre, where cerebral activity and civilized analysis have not seemed very plausible. Broadway is therefore heavily in his debt. The subtleties of our general drama are mostly only expedite and obvious; and work like much of that in "Brief Moment" is more of an innovation on Broadway than writing the play backward, or foiling time and space with revolving stages. To have carried his thoughts and shadings into theatricality and entertainment is something for Mr. Behrman to crow about.

It must be remarked also that Mr. Guthrie McClintic, with this as the first of his series of productions at the Belasco, comes off well.

"Reunion in Vienna," so far as evenness of tone and an absence of heavy or sentimental spots are concerned, is the most successful of Mr. Sherwood's plays, though not, I think, so interesting as "The Road to Rome." The story is that of a former archduke who returns to Vienna for a reunion dinner that the mistress of a famous hotel gives for her onetime royal patrons. The real reason for Rudolph's return is to see again his old love Elena, now married to a famous psychoanalyst. The husband, jealous in spite of his skill in curing others, urges Elena to give herself the test, in order to see how Rudolph has changed, and so to clear her mind of his image. Rudolph arrives, having smuggled himself through the frontier; the two meet; he is certain of his old charms; she, unlike the rest of Vienna, has not faded; she responds and does not respond to her returning lover. She finally escapes through the bathroom and comes home again, followed by Rudolph, who in turn is followed by the police. It is the husband who has to use his influence with the government in order to get Rudolph safely out of the country; he leaves the house on this errand; the archduke and the former mistress are left together; she decides at last, after he has given himself to despair over himself, the past, present and future, that she will join him in the bedroom. In the morning the husband and the lover of other days depart for the frontier; Elena and the old father are left at breakfast, and we have a sense of happy solutions.

This outline does not touch the real content of the play, which deals with royal, conjugal, Freudian and other reactions among the characters, and which as a situation is in itself full of brilliant possibilities. As for the comedy itself, it is now and again dragged along, many of its implications are but slightly touched, and the finish it might acquire is often lacking. Without Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt we should see what we should see.

What remains to be said is that Miss Helen Westley, in a role based on the famous Frau Sacher, struck a diverting note, though the part was not carried very far either in her performance or in the writing. In fact, one way of sizing up the play is to think of so savory a character as the original and then to see what the playwright has done with it. Mr. Henry Travers was good as the old father. Mr. Alfred Lunt was witty and spirited all through, full of theatre resource and variety, to say noth-

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ing of the remarkable give and take in his playing. Miss Lynn Fontanne, very chic and lovely, and taking her acting on a serious, high plane, gave a performance that was curiously sad and wise, and all the more brilliant and engaging because of it. STARK YOUNG.

A Note on Television

THE CATCH in assuming that television does for radio what the sound mechanism did for the silent movies is this: the results are parallel, but the processes are reversed. In the silent picture you had movement and physical beauty, the gratification of the eye and a minimum of intellectual content; and while I have listened too long to the radio to say without blushing that its intellectual content was high, it remains perfectly true that the addition to it of the moving picture adds chiefly a sensual, and not a rational, pleasure. In other words, the sound mechanism could, and actually did, raise the intellectual level of the movie; and television can, and I fear will, lower the intellectual level of radio.

This, if it happens, will be quite logical and will probably continue for ten years. Each new form of entertainment drains off the cheap and accidental elements of its predecessor, a notable example being the complete and blessed disappearance of the matinee idol from the stage, his place being taken by the sex appeal (or as the new phrase has it, the sex menace) of the movies. The bad talkies, in their turn, are based on old silent movies, just as the early silents merely reduplicated the old melodrama. In radio, you have the concert tenor and soprano, with sentimental songs; and you have the reiterations of cheap and popular music, including the horrid sentimental semi-classics; you have also the arts of the campaign orator, which might otherwise have disappeared.

Radio as entertainment is corrupted, as well as sustained, by its evil communications with advertising; and there isn't a chance in a thousand that television, as a whole, will escape the contagion. I am not speaking of the television of the laboratories, which is justifying Haldane's statement that "we are working towards a condition when any two persons on earth will be able to be completely present to one another in not more than one-twenty-fourth of a second." Television will come out of the research workshop; it will become a business, with period cases for intricate sets, and with that business will come the sale of television air-time to advertisers. Already a type of commercial television has been made part of the variety bill at the Broadway Theatre in New York.

As if to guard against the slightest chance of television's escaping from the fate of radio, we have now President Hoover's large praise of the position he took as Secretary of Commerce:

> The decisions at that early date have been of unending importance. The determination that radio channels were public property and should be controlled by the government; the determination that we should not have governmental broadcasting supported by a tax upon the listener, but that we should give license to the use of these channels under private enterprise where there would be no restraint upon programs, has secured for us far greater variety of programs and excellence of service without cost to the listener. This decision has avoided the pitfalls of political and social conflicts in the use of speech over the radio, which would have been involved in government broadcasting. It has preserved free speech in the country. These principles are now strongly imbedded in our law and in our entire public system.

This is an amazing series of sentences, which I recommend to those interested in radio; their bearing on television is indicated in the last few words: television will be what radio is. And the first, highly elaborate presentation of commercial television brings that prophecy into the present.

The particular system I saw is named after its inventor, Ulysses Sanabria, and its "selling point" (since stock in the company is already on the market) is its ten-foot screen, making it available for display in theatres to large audiences. I do not know how it differs from other systems; and in spite of delays and fadings, I should say that it is technically a success. The ten-foot-square screen was used almost entirely for the projection of faces, and except when Mr. Carveth Wells, the announcer, edged his way into the picture, for a single head at a time. Full-length appearances have been made, but they are still a little difficult. The face arrives on the screen in a soft light, the edges fuzzy, but with adequate sharpness of features; the horizontal lines quiver across the entire screen, giving the effect of a stipple, or of one of those trick pen-and-ink sketches made up of closely packed concentric circles out of which, by force of shading here and there, a face appears. The ripple across the screen is nothing like the jiggling of early movies; it is not wearying, nor distracting to any great extent. I suppose that inventors are hard at work to correct it. The accompanying voice sounds like a reduplicated voice on the telephone, which, I believe, is exactly what it is.

The most effective part of the first presentation was in the appearance of Mr. Wells first on the stage of the Broadway, and, after he had run around the corner to the lobby of the Guild Theatre, on the screen. That gave the necessary standard, the verification. In addition, I had the pleasure of recognizing Miss Theresa Helburn, although it was her voice more than her face which I could swear to; and as I had seen "The House of Connelly," I could recognize Margaret Barker and Franchot Tone when they arrived, speaking the lines of a five-minute scene from that play. Television, like radio, made its bow to the arts.

The rest of the program was devoted to peppy singers, to the announcing by Mr. Wells, and to a parrot which answered, more or less correctly, such questions as What does the dog say? and What does the cat say? The vocalists were two young women, highly personable I gather, and Chief Capolichan, none of whom sang anything bearable. The introduction of each song was in the best radio tradition, with extravagant remarks about the singers and, in the case of the young women, with an offensive jocosity based on the assumption that the announcer of a sentimental song must always take the title personally. I do not remember any of the titles, but those who have listened to radio can imagine what an announcer must say when

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the soprano coyly confesses that her next number is "I'm Cuddlin' With You."

For its purpose, this first showing was admirable. Mr. Wells gave endless facts about himself to the audience, but the audience tittered and there were few departures even when it began to be evident that nothing interesting would occur. I am not building my pessimism over the future of television on this experiment. I am only trying to multiply its fatuity in my mind by ten thousand; for it must be remembered that this program was not sponsored by any commercial advertiser. We have still to see engagement rings held up to the view of the televisors, and evening wraps and the latest thing in shoes; we have yet to encounter plugging. It is before the prospect of these things that the imagination boggles and the heart grows a little sick.

It is to be noted that television adds little to the best things now available on the air: symphonic concerts. It may make prima donnas of our conductors, but it will not improve Stravinsky or Bach. It adds little to the great occasions of the air, the national hook-ups for presidential messages or international broadcasts. What it can do is, however, not limited by these additions or subtractions. It can, for example, produce a play before us without those transpositions which radio requires; it can give us movement without translating every action into sound. Somewhere, still unknown, the Amos and Andy of television are already getting out the burnt cork and the joke book.

It took five years for the talkie to acquire intelligence; it took ten for the radio to use its best material. Television will go on the same way, partly because it will reject good men, partly because good men will stand by and sneer. For its first year or so, television will be able to exist on its miracle value, as a novelty and a toy. But most of us will not get over the feeling that it is a miracle made for money.

GILBERT SELDES.

The Whitney Museum

MRS. GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY, who for twenty-five years has been a patroness of the contemporary native art, has housed her large collection in three venerable buildings on West Eighth Street in New York City, has drastically modernized the entrance and, with a splendid gesture, has donated collection and museum to the people. The Whitney Museum of American art, which opened last week with official pomp, is therefore a monument to Mrs. Whitney. It may also be regarded, in spite of itself, as an American Luxembourg, where recent work is honored, where living artists may see themselves in their middle years, or even early in life, exalted to the place of Olympians. The stated purpose of the museum, according to its director, Mrs. Juliana R. Force, is to gain for the art of this country, "the prestige which heretofore the public has devoted too exclusively to the art of foreign countries and of the past." In short, it is to be a place where the stranger to these parts may come to view the modern American painters and judge for himself.

The Whitney collection is catholic and of enormous variety: it ranges from the "ancestors," Eakins and La Farge, of the Brown Decades, to painters of the Machine Age who are still in their twenties; from the misty lyricism of Arthur B. Davies to the playful *surréalisme* of Mr. Stuart Davis in his latest phase; from the "primitive" cigar-store Indian to the finished sculpture of Gaston Lachaise. But what is wrong here? Why does the conviction grow, in spite of so much profusion and variety, that much better temporary groupings of American painters have been made in recent years than this permanent one? that one is face to face only with the shreds of a national art?

Here, on every side, are the rags and tags of recent movements, the transient mannerisms of painting. Here, too, are imitations of the flame-pink period of Renoir and the red or blue period of Picasso. The men of talent to whom one has looked confidently for an artistic revival are nearly all represented, but the best examples of their work are absent. A few, astonishingly few, important works are tucked away amid the square yards of mediocre canvases and the cubic feet of carvings. There is no unity of direction; or, if this exists, it lies in the emphasis by the Museum on those painters of the American scene whose approach is most literary—men like Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield and Thomas Benton. This type of work is diverting so long as the plastic decencies are observed. It must be recognized, however, that a struggle between two oranges may be just as important, in the eternal view of art, as a contest between two famous pugilists.

Under the surface-confusion of programs, tendencies and counter-claims such as declare themselves in these rooms, one may detect after a time a battle going on between two camps. On the one hand there is the school of George Bellows and John Sloan, subjective and "literary." On the other hand there are the objectivists, the esthetes and intellectuals of art, such as Charles Demuth, Preston Dickinson, Charles Sheeler and Niles Spencer. The one school is concerned with subject dominantly, the other with the abstract. To the latter, the Sloans and Bellowses are "sloppy," "romantic," "dirty in color," "antiquated." To the painters of prizefights and subway scenes, the esthetes and their architectural still lifes, their studied, sober arrangements of inorganic forms, are "sterile," "constipated," "limited." Here is a battle that will be fought to a finish; and it may be witnessed in the galleries of the new Whitney Museum, which are loud with discord. At present the "abstract" painters, those who have aroused the greatest interest in their experiments, and appeared the more venturesome element among contemporary painters, are neither so well represented (by good examples) nor so well placed as their antagonists. Mrs. Whitney and her lieutenants still lean the other way.

What is most exhilarating, in any case, is the wave of interest in modern art. New York now has two "independent" museums of its own. The public is plainly excited; it comes in crowds to view the work of living painters, discusses them passionately. And around the corner—like prosperity itself—there is always the prospect that the public will begin to buy in sufficient volume to keep young painters from the edge of suicide. As for the Whitney Museum, it is perfectly possible that it may become a great and valued institution. Its poor lighting arrangements may conceivably be corrected. The senti-

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widely known for what they are, and thus can be avoided for those which deserve long study. New acquisitions will undoubtedly reflect better the new fashions and movements; while the bad pictures will be carried off to those subcellars where every museum maintains its permanent chamber of horrors. MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

A COMMUNICATION

Speak for Yourself, Mr. Gifford

SIR: Written without charge by philanthropic admen and printed in free space contributed by newspapers and magazines, the current advertising campaign of the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief offers valuable if somewhat disheartening instruction to the student of American social psychology. Both the philosophy and the method of this campaign are, to say the least, unique. The advertisements are signed in facsimile by Walter S. Gifford, director of the President's Organization, and by Owen D. Young, chairman of the Committee on Organization of Relief Resources. Both of these gentlemen are presumably capable of expressing their own and the administration's point of view in personally written appeals to the middle and upper-class American pocketbook. Instead, they assign this task to "professionals," trained in the sophistries, the unblushing knaveries, of current advertising practice. The result is an exhibition of vulgarity, of moral and ethical obfuscation, which is all the more terrifying when one reflects that it is essentially pragmatic, and will probably, in some degree, accomplish its purpose.

One of the first advertisements, which appeared in the October 24 issue of The Saturday Evening Post, is headed "I'll see it through if you will." It is signed in type "Unemployed, 1931," and the presumptive speaker is shown in the illustration: a healthy, well fed workman, smiling and—tightening his belt.

A little dazedly, one is moved to ask by what right these ballyhoo artists presume to speak for the unemployed workers of America. But will the unemployed themselves raise this question? One doubts it.

Incidentally, this particular advertisement undertakes to pull a few scorching chestnuts out of the fire; not the unemployed's chestnuts, but ruling-class chestnuts: the current economic, social and ethical assumptions on which our unplanned acquisitive society is based; out of which the eminent gentlemen who sign the advertisement, among others, are engaged in making money.

Certain sentences in this advertisement are worth detailed analysis. For example: "They tell me there's five or six million of us—out of jobs." There are more, a great many more, by every honest estimate that has been made.

"I know that's not your fault, any more than it is mine."

Bunk. "Unemployed, 1931," if he has any sense, knows that it's his fault for not organizing to enforce his proper claim to continuity of employment and income; that it's the fault of our financial and business leaders for not fulfilling the obligation, implicit in their position, to make [illegible] and women who supply the muscle and skill of its motive power.

"Understand, we're not begging."

The unemployed *are* begging. The President's Organization is not exactly begging; it is strong-arming, according to the technique learned in putting over the war loans.

"We'd rather have a job than anything else you can give us."

Have a job. Or *own* a job.

"We're not scared, either."

Of course the unemployed are scared. So are the middle-class and upper-class people at whom this appeal is directed; they are giving, and will continue to give, largely for this reason.

"Now *don't send me any money*—that isn't the idea. Don't even send any to the Committee which signs this appeal. The best way to help us is to give as generously as you can to the Unemployment Emergency Committee *in your own town,* as well as to the established welfare, charity and relief organizations there."

Because if you don't, "Unemployed, 1931" may stop smiling and force our politicians to slap a higher tax on the upper brackets of the income returns; also force through unemployment insurance and other horrors.

"That's my story, the rest is up to you."

That is not, in my opinion, the true story or the true attitude of "Unemployed, 1931." It is a characteristically disingenuous ad-man's story, cooked up to promote the administration's inadequate and largely disingenuous relief program. The eminent gentlemen who sign this advertisement endorse that program as a hasty dyke thrown up to shut off the "Dole." But in common decency they should not have tried, or permitted their ad-writers to try, to give the impression that they were speaking for the unemployed workers of America. They are not.

Westport, Conn. JAMES RORTY.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Lippmann and Mr. Wilson

SIR: May I humbly offer my congratulations to Mr. Wilson upon the admirable restraint and taste shown in his open letter to Mr. Walter Lippmann? Accustomed as I am to theological disputes, it is refreshing to find a controversy based upon facts and without personal invective. But at the same time, will you allow me to offer the following observations and meditations?

I think that Mr. Wilson is not quite fair to Mr. Lippmann. Mr. Wilson forgets the tremendous odds against which Mr. Lippmann has got to fight in order to get any hearing at all. Mr. Wilson realizes that the illiterates of Second Avenue have by this time heard of socialism. He seems to forget that the illiterates of Park Avenue still regard a socialist as my ancestors regarded a Socinian, as a creature hiding a long spiked tail in his trousers' pocket and ready to blow the White House to pieces (Heaven forbid!) at the bidding of some mysterious black-bearded Monster, hidden in a dark cellar of a Moscow slum. Walter Lippmann is a pioneer, and pioneers, unless they thirst after martyrdom, had better refrain from frontal attacks. As soon as their amiable smile and their pleasant bearing have got them past the backdoor they can begin their real task. . . .

I have not always agreed with Mr. Lippmann. When he and his playmates of The New Republic (to whom my humble duties, Sir) stopped the presses to take sides in the famous case of God vs Gott and to declare that West Twenty-first Street

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stood solidly united on the side of Right and Truth and the Sacredness of the little Nations, I felt that perhaps they could have handled the situation a little differently. But that was during the Great War when even Nicholas Murray Butler and Bishop Manning had a common purpose in life. But I sincerely believe that Mr. Lippmann is rendering a most valuable service by giving certain people who never even suspected the existence of an economic alphabet their first lessons in the ABC of modern times. And I think that if Mr. Wilson will study the articles written by the late Carl Marx of Dean Street, London, England, when he was correspondent of The New York Tribune, he will discover that the Great Father himself somewhat tempered his style to the exigencies of the day. In which he showed the same wisdom I feel compelled to admire in Mr. Lippmann's articles.

New York City. HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

SIR: You might well have had some bibliography in connection with Edmund Wilson's address to Walter Lippmann [The New Republic, November 11]. Benjamin Stolberg not long ago well psychoanalyzed Brother Lippmann in a Nation review. And there is a searching examination of Lippmann's fundamental standpoint as affected by his milieu made by Annette T. Rubinstein of Washington Square College in The Journal of Philosophy for August. She finds from his "Preface to Morals" that his philosophy is a stoic apologetic for things as they are with responsibility unloaded upon a convenient destiny that shapes our ends to our eternal relief.

All of which seems to compel one to accept Robert F. Briffault's measure of most of our social analysts who must make a good living. "I am not a liberal," he says, "because to try to make logic stop short of its extreme conclusions seems to me as futile as to attempt to poise a stone in mid-air. It is too late for human thought to avert the nemesis which traditional stupidity and interests vested in maintaining it are calling down upon the semi-civilization of the West."

Rochester, N. Y. JAMES L. BREWER.

Mass Meeting for Miners' Defense

SIR: Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, Samuel Ornitz, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rumford Walker and other members of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, just returned from Harlan, Kentucky, coal fields, will open the fight against their indictments for criminal syndicalism at a huge public meeting to be held at the Star Casino, Park Avenue and One Hundred and Seventh Street, Sunday, December 6, at 2:30.

Indicted members of the National Committee will expose at this meeting the desperate condition of the miners under coal-company feudalism, a feudalism which considers it a twenty-one-year-sentence crime to hold an open inquiry into reports of starvation and persecution of workers. Readers of The New Republic are urged to come.

ADELAIDE WALKER,
Acting Secretary, National Committee
New York City. for the Defense of Political Prisoners.

Another Passenger on "Red Ship"

SIR: I have just read Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's "Red Ship" in your issue of September 23. Mr. O'Flaherty likes to curdle our blood when he writes of Bolshevism. Ready and fluent with his pen, he suffers from what one might call the G.P.U. complex where Soviet Russia is concerned. A more ludicrous sensational picture of the captain, officers and crew of the good ship "Siberia" of the *Sovtorg Flot* of the U.S.S.R., which I feel sure is identical with his "Red Ship," it would be hard to imagine.

I traveled from Russia in the "Siberia" as far as London in July, 1930, and was sorry when the voyage came to an end. I made friends with the "Red Ship" captain, third mate, doctor and members of the crew. The captain was a fine old Marxian revolutionary, a refreshing type to meet. He was also a cultured and well read man of considerable charm. The third mate, besides being a pretty young woman, was a highly efficient ship's officer. Her stern disciplinarian methods I failed to witness, but I did at times see activities of hers which took the form of cheerily instructing some raw apprentice deck hands in the art of swabbing decks, and taking a hand at it herself. The crew and officers were, in my opinion, on delightfully comradely terms. Men and officers were frequently to be seen playing chess together. The crew also were not adverse to joining in the passengers' dances and otherwise entertaining them. A happier or more quietly and efficiently navigated ship I have never traveled on, and I have been on many.

London, England. W. S. H.

[Readers of "Red Ship" will be interested in comparing that imaginative picture with this more sober account. Mr. O'Flaherty's article, of course, was not published as an accurate report of life on a Soviet vessel. It was published partly for its quality as a piece of literature, and partly for its psychological interest as showing the first reaction of a western European, wholly individualistic, even anarchical, to a collectivist society encountered in miniature.—THE EDITORS.]

Arnold and America

SIR: With the consent and coöperation of the Arnold family, I am making a study of Matthew Arnold's relations with America, and particularly of his visits here in 1883-84 and 1886. I shall be very grateful if any persons who have letters from Arnold, or letters describing him and his lectures, or any other first-hand information about his relations with America, will allow me to examine such material. Copies would be made promptly and the originals returned by registered mail.

CHILSON H. LEONARD.
Leet Oliver Hall, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

Dissension on the Left

SIR: Permit me to call your attention to certain contradictions which appear in the review [The New Republic, October 21] of W. Dodgson Bowman's book, "Charlie Chaplin, His Life and Art." . . . In discussing the Chaplin films, Mr. Potamkin ignores Chaplin's influence as an artist on the cinema, the pointed social implications in his films, and refers to "the innocent films of Charlot" as if Chaplin were responsible for the uses to which his films are put in a bourgeois society. The "Leftist" pose of the reviewer prevents him from admitting that Chaplin's films are shown widely in Soviet Russia and are not held reactionary there. . . .

Mr. Potamkin implies that "City Lights" was reactionary because it did not carry to its conclusion the relation between the millionaire and the hobo. Here is naïveté indeed! . . . especially for a "Left" critic who curiously enough is a member of the Exceptional Photoplays Committee of the National Board of Review. . . . Perhaps the following comment upon "City Lights" by A. Lurye in Proletarian Kino, October, 1931 (Moscow), may give a more authentic "Left" reaction to Chaplin's work than the one which Mr. Potamkin presumed to offer in his superficial "Leftist" review:

> The film is universally acclaimed by all the critics—even by those of the revolutionary press. True to his impulse, Chaplin cleverly ridicules the bourgeois order. He is unsatisfied with conditions and comments upon them bitingly. Herein lies his merit. . . . His humor is sincere and contagious. . . . As we see from the story, the opening scene and the behavior of the bum, Chaplin is a spit in the face of the bourgeois order—symbolized by the unveiling of the statue—by one of the *Lumpenproletariat*. . . . The revolutionary press highly values the significance of the artistic work of Chaplin.

B. G. BRAVER-MANN, Chairman,
The Drama and Film Group, The John Reed Club.
Detroit, Michigan.

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A Defense of Eloquence

Counter-Statement, by Kenneth Burke. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 268 pages. $2.50.

"COUNTER-STATEMENT" contains two essays on the principles of literary composition, an essay on the status of art, an essay on Flaubert, Pater and De Goncourt, an essay on Gide and Mann, an essay called "Program," a "Lexicon Rhetoricae" and an essay on "Applications of the Terminology." The two essays first mentioned are the backbone of the book. The "Lexicon" codifies the principles laid down in these essays and draws certain corollaries from them; "The Status of Art" applies these principles in a defense of art against the attacks that have been made in the past century; "Program" indicates the social and political implications of the principles; "Applications of the Terminology" employs them to solve certain ancient dilemmas of critical discourse; and the discussions of particular writers both illustrate the principles and demonstrate their utility in literary analysis.

The writer begins, says Mr. Burke in the essay on "The Poetic Process," with a mood. This mood is a universal experience, though its pattern will depend on the relationship between the particular organism—*i. e.*, the writer—and its environment. The writer's aim is to find a symbol for this mood, a symbol being "a verbal parallel to a pattern of experience." To illustrate, Mr. Burke imagines a writer who is suffering sullenly and mutely under a feeling of inferiority until "he spontaneously generates a symbol to externalize this suffering"—a story, say, of a king and a peasant. "This means simply," he goes on, "that he has attained articulacy by linking his emotion to a technical form, and it is precisely this junction of emotion and technical form which we designate as 'the germ of a plot,' or 'an idea for a poem.'"

What he means by form Mr. Burke has already indicated in the preceding essay: "Form is the creation of an appetite in the mind of the auditor, and the adequate satisfying of that appetite." Precisely how the discovery of the symbol involves this question of form is never made quite clear; Mr. Burke merely assures us that the symbol is "a principle of logical guidance" because it indicates a relationship whose repetition "in varying details . . . makes for one aspect of technical form." Let us assume that he is right and follow him as he develops his theory. The object of any work of art is to arouse and fulfill desires, he insists, not to impart information or to act as a substitute for life. The inappropriate methods of maintaining interest are surprise and suspense; the proper method is eloquence. Eloquence is, therefore, the essence of art. A work based on eloquence may be read again and again, and each time a desire is aroused and each time fulfilled. A work based on suspense, however, will not bear a second reading. (This distinction throws some light on the question of form in Faulkner's "Sanctuary.") The literary virtues are: eloquence, thoroughness, power and complexity (of the symbol and of the pattern underlying the symbol), manner (power without monotony) and style (complexity without diffusion).

This summary indicates, of course, merely the bare essentials of Burke's rhetoric. The first question that will occur to the reader is, doubtless, whether literary creation always goes on in this order. May not an author begin, for example, with the desire to treat certain materials and subsequently seek the best point of view—best for him, for his mood—from which to treat them? But the more important question concerns the actual value of this set of principles for critical purposes. On Burke's assumptions, one cannot criticize the author's mood, for it is a mode of a universal experience. One cannot criticize the symbol, for, as he takes pains to point out, its power is determined by factors outside the control of the artist. One cannot criticize the individuation of the symbol, the choice of details to body it forth, except with relation to the symbol itself, for their sole purpose is to give it substance. One can, then, only criticize the form, the arrangement of details. And even here one cannot criticize the desire that the artist seeks to arouse, for all desires are natural, but only the success of the artist in arousing and satisfying that appetite. In short, the only proper concern of the critic is technique.

There is much to be said for this conclusion, and Mr. Burke says it in such a way that he clarifies many related issues. The trouble with the conclusion is that it prohibits the critic from dealing with many questions that may well interest him and will almost certainly interest the reading public. Do some moods lend themselves more effectively to artistic purposes than others? Are some periods better for art than others? In the writing of the novel can eloquence be a substitute for insight into character? Or, to put the question more generally, in the novel is not individuation always the most important matter? If power and complexity are virtues, does it not follow that the writer who has a clear understanding of the needs which his symbol is to meet for his readers and an imaginative power that meets those needs on the highest level is a greater writer than one who succeeds in arousing and fulfilling, however completely, a desire that is related to no fundamental need? Can the whole question of philosophical and social attitudes be disposed of by saying that a man who utilizes one set of principles will appeal to one group and a man who utilizes another set will appeal to another group?

These are only a few of the questions that are outside the scope of Mr. Burke's critical apparatus. He is aware of them, of course; he discusses some of them, if only to try to show that they are irrelevant. But he does not deal with any of them in such a way as to clarify the treatment which other critics might make of them. His nearest approach to a discussion of this kind is in the section on hierarchies. Here he says, "In asking that literature produce one sort of effect rather than another, we should be asking that literature fit one sort of situation rather than another." This is perfectly true, and one expects him, in view of the opinions already outlined, to let the matter go at that, taking it for granted that such a request is ridiculous. But no, he goes on, rather half-heartedly, to explain that there are two general bases of critical exhortation, one a concept of an ideal situation and the other a concept of the contemporary situation. And he proceeds by discussing, and in a way defending, the latter basis. But his heart is not in it; his heart is where, if one may speak in parables, his treasure is; he remains principally concerned with eloquence.

The conclusion to which these objections point is, of course, that there can be no system of esthetics that is not based on an ethic and a philosophy. (Mr. Burke's "Program" outlines social views derived from his critical system, not social views from which his system is derived.) This theme is one which cannot be developed here, but we might consider a kind of test case. We live in a period of transition, as Burke says. People are confused in their thinking and disorganized in their manner of living; the artist cannot assume any community of ideals or of emotional habits. What are writers to do? One writer, be-

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lieving that his highest aim is to arouse and satisfy an appetite, will seek a symbol that is as far removed as possible from the controversial and important issues of the day, and will sacrifice the force of his symbol and its underlying pattern, to use Burke's terminology, in order to give full sway to his eloquence. Another writer, conceiving his business to be the discovery of a symbol which will interpret a representative and important situation—and Burke admits this is a legitimate basis of appeal in the symbol—will plunge into this contemporary chaos, even though he thereby risks that clarity of outline and intensity of manner and style that arouse and satisfy the reader's desire. Which writer will the critic single out for praise? On Burke's basis, the former; on some other basis, the latter. To explain what that other basis is would require a book at least the size of Burke's; to me it would be a more interesting and a more important book. GRANVILLE HICKS.

Tardy Souvenir

Squads Write: A Selection of the Best Things in Prose, Verse and Cartoons from The Stars and Stripes. Edited by John T. Winterich. New York: Harper and Brothers. 335 pages. $4.

ON THE FACE OF IT, there is little to refute the claim of The Stars and Stripes to having been "the favorite newspaper of the A. E. F." Its circulation reached 550,000 and only halted there because of a paper shortage. It was staffed by enlisted men. With some reservations, one might admit the assertion printed on the jacket of the present volume—that The Stars and Stripes "talked the soldier's own language and saw the War from his own point of view." I am unable to say positively that "hundreds of thousands of Americans" do not "look back upon it with all the affection which a man in a strange city feels toward his home-town paper."

And yet I have an insistent hunch that this story, so fairly told, is tripe. I have an insistent hunch that The Stars and Stripes was read, and read assiduously, because it had no competition worthy of the name. It was about, and by, the army, and no other paper was. It was industriously circulated with the coöperation of the authorities. Its field was virgin. It had the inside track and there was no outside one. But I wonder, if it had been barred from camp limits, how many buck privates would have walked a mile to buy it at the *gare,* in a post where reading matter was fairly plentiful?

When I hung my mess kit, early in 1919, beside a double-deck bunk in the Caserne Carnot (Cher), and settled down to get the lay of things, I found there was one paper not permitted to be sold in camp. That was the Paris edition of The Chicago Tribune. But The Tribune opened its columns to the beefing of the bucks. Therefore, each afternoon a little gang of earnest enlisted men, with strangely assorted divisional insignia, waited at the *gare* to spend their centimes for the "Trib." The Herald was peddled through the barracks daily by a little red-headed girl who could say both "Nyawk eral" and "goddam," and, as heretofore indicated, the A. E. F.'s official paper was circulated far more actively by representatives in camp. But I dare to say that most of the men in my barracks went most of the time without either, and I know that a number of them made the trip to the station to buy The Tribune. Moreover, the general opinion, as far as I ever happened to sound it, seemed to be that The Stars and Stripes was mostly rubbish. I thought so myself.

After careful inspection of "Squads Write," which is the cream of everything published in the A. E. F.'s official newspaper, I am compelled to say that the bulk of it is very feeble, slovenly stuff. And when it is not feeble and slovenly it is wiseacreish and automatically slick. And when it is neither of these it is palpably and unbearably soggy and snuffling. Only a half-dozen times in the book do I strike anything as ribald, as fretful, as funny, as combative, as what-you-please, as was the spirit of the fellows whose feet one used to find in one's face after a fitful nap in a side-door pullman somewhere in France.

MURRAY GODWIN.

"Here Is His Child!"

Friends and Relations, by Elizabeth Bowen. New York: The Dial Press. $2.

ELIZABETH BOWEN penetrates with quick thrusts, continually enlightens, and sustains curiosity at the high point to the very end—things which cannot be said for every novelist. One can never anticipate the witty turns her chapters will take, yet she is always brimming over with the truth.

There had been, between Edward's mother, Lady Elfrida, and Rodney's uncle, Considine the explorer, "the old branching sin that like the fatal apple tree in a stained-glass window had in its shadow, at each side, the man and woman." Edward could not forgive his mother's infidelity to his childhood, and the book begins with his marriage to Laurel, who is to make up the arrears of nonsense and affection. Janet, who is Laurel's younger sister, becomes the wife of Rodney. Then one is regaled with the civilized, detached, unhappy scandal of her love for Edward. All these people and their friends, parents and children—particularly the children—are touched with the most boundless charm, a charm which makes no sacrifice to sentiment. And the comedy is above even irony, which is saying a great deal.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Elizabeth Bowen, aside from her fine talent, is that she is a brighter Henry James. One should not give too much space to derivations, yet sometimes the search for them is, as here, an irresistible employment. I do not say that she is a feminine Henry James: surely sex is beside the point where good writing is concerned, and the quality of delicacy is not necessarily thus confined. But in him one felt the delicacy of achievement between poised, balancing weights, and here it is a light fencing between blades of grass, or the full tilt of a bird's wings. There is the same sense of looking in at people through glass walls; there are the same circumversions:

> He committed her fully to this, underlining the remark by a complete silence. . . . She stood powerless, looking through at her life, at, not regainable, her whole habit of mind. This, like a house long inhabited without feeling and vacated easily, bore in, revisited in its emptiness, an anguishing sense of her no-presence even in the past.

Yet she is usually more lucid than this passage would indicate and, with less bulk of speech than Henry James, the situation at hand is developed, deep and far from its gay surfaces. Since James himself had no corporeal descendants, it is exciting to be able to say, "Here is his child!" HAZEL HAWTHORNE.

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Wishbone Sociology

Social Substance of Religion, by Gerald Heard. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 318 pages. $3.50.

THIS BOOK offers us a none too ingenious example of a contemporary problem masquerading in the guise of historical narrative and hypothesis. Mr. Heard is confronted with the following difficulty: he wants communism, but he also wants religion; and communism is the sworn enemy of religion. What to do? Why, make the coming of "true" communism dependent on religion. This necessitates an alternative to the socio-economic interpretation of history, and Mr. Heard constructs one. He declares that not "economic law" (so he interprets Marxism) but psychic factors, determine history, that economic individualism is merely the projection of psychological individualism, and that economic communism can never cure our basic individualism. This can only be cured by religion, whose hidden essence is the equalitarian sense of the group. Revive this essence, and we shall have communism.

Such is Mr. Heard's thesis and, in support of it, he posits a "psychological" explanation of all history. Why did the prehistoric tribe, in which the individual as a self-conscious unit did not exist, break up and give rise to individualism? This, he says, is our most significant historical problem, and here is his answer: individualism arose out of the emotional conflict in prehistoric man between his allegiance to the family and to the group, a conflict which left the group merely an economic unit in which each man strove for his individual benefit. This anarchic condition has time and again led civilization to the brink of destruction, and only the timely resuscitation of the communal sense of religion has saved mankind.

But psychological explanations of history explain nothing. If the psychological factor adduced is an invariant, then the conflict between family and group has been constant throughout history and can explain nothing specific in history. On the other hand, if the psychological factor is a variant, if the hypothetical conflict of family and group arose at some given time, then this problem itself requires a more fundamental explanation. Why did it arise at that time? The answer to this question shows the psychological factor to be derivative. As a matter of fact, Mr. Heard sits on both horns of the dilemma: his assumed conflict arose in pre-history and has been constant ever since.

Mr. Heard's second hypothesis, that religion is "the sense of the group," has gained much currency since the work of Wundt and Durkheim. It is, in fact, the most plausible naturalistic defense of religion; but it is also an ambiguous conception. If it means that religion keeps societies together, it is untrue, resting on a confusion between religion and one of the ends which religion has occasionally served. In a stable economy fostering unity, religion, as well as every other technique available, is used to maintain group unity: this can best be seen in any primitive tribe still comparatively untouched by the white man's economy. But when the unity of a society has begun to break up, religion has been used as much as any other device to further the division. It is in the name of religion that we first see the rising middle classes breaking up feudal society. If, on the other hand, Mr. Heard means by the "sense of the group" that adherents of any given religion are united by the sense of a common bond, he has yet to prove that this is a good. It is precisely this function which causes not only communists, but all realistic critics of contemporary society, to hate the Church. For this illusory sense of a common bond with their fellow religionists of all classes is keeping a large part of the masses from creating the unity which they really need—class unity.

Like any thinker who ignores material conditions, Mr. Heard imagines that the way to get a classless society is for us all just to want to get together; then we shall have it. His idealistic voluntarism continually ignores the question, under what conditions does man's psychology change? Will the conditions of the middle classes permit them to become "psychological communists"? Such a change in psychology is perhaps coming about, but only for those who are being driven to it by *their* extant conditions—the working classes.

FELIX MORROW.

One Side of the Lingle Case

Jake Lingle, or Chicago on the Spot, by John Boettiger. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 335 pages. $2.50.

THIS STATEMENT of the case of Alfred Lingle, the reporter of The Chicago Tribune who was shot on June 9, 1930, is written by a member of the staff of The Tribune who was assigned to the investigation conducted by the State's Attorney's office, with the aid of a special attorney selected from the firm which handles The Tribune's legal matters. This arrangement, suggesting a monopolization of the story, led to hostilities between other Chicago newspapers and The Tribune. There were two views of the assassination. One theory was that Lingle was shot in revenge for his part in exposing gang activities; the other, that through his intimacy with the chief of police, he was acting as fixer and pay-off man in the traffic between the police and crime, and was punished for failing on some occasion to deliver the goods. Mr. Boettiger holds the former opinion. He cites specific instances of Lingle's refusal to use his influence with the chief to obtain protection for gambling houses and speakeasies. He recalls evidence which The Tribune put forward to prove that the representatives of other papers were as black as Lingle was painted. This *tu quoque* line of defense has its obvious weakness, and even Mr. Boettiger seems to feel a shade of doubt mingling with his faith in Lingle, when he assures us that, in the course of the investigation, "no evidence was presented tending to show that any other member of The Tribune organization beside Lingle had been involved in any dishonest or unethical pursuit." To a disinterested observer it would seem that the shortest way to discover the true character of Lingle, and his place in the hook-up between the police and crime, was to make a thorough investigation of the police department under Chief Russell, who was so intimate with Lingle that they had a brokerage account in common. No one seems to have thought of this, and Russell and his chief deputy were merely removed from office.

Mr. Boettiger gives in detail the story of the six months' investigation, touching on the leading events in the history of crime in Chicago as they tend to throw light on the mystery. After following many false leads, the investigation planted a man in the underworld who directed attention to a certain Leo Brothers, wanted for murder in St. Louis and living quietly in a residence hotel in Chicago. Brothers was arrested at the end of a well staged detective

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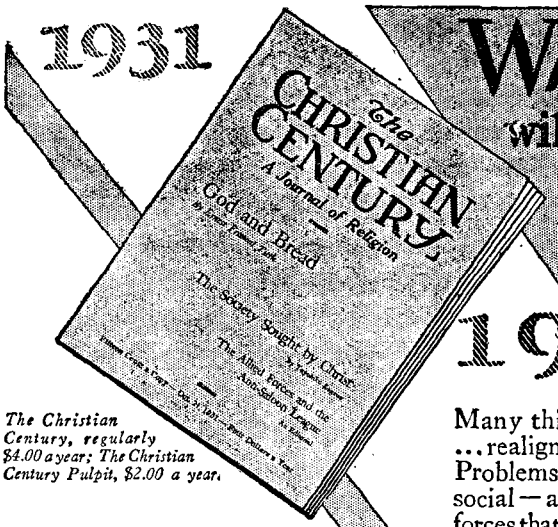
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drama, of which naturally The Tribune had the exclusive account. He was held for seventeen days incommunicado without being booked on any charge. It is stated that he was subjected to the third degree for fifty hours. On March 16 he went to trial, and by advice of his attorneys "stood mute." The evidence against him consisted in identification by eight witnesses who asserted that they had seen him running from the scene of the crime. Evidence in his favor was given by seven witnesses who had seen the supposed murderer and swore that Brothers was not the man. The prosecution showed no motive; the defense put in no alibi. The jury stood eleven to one for a verdict of guilty; the single dissident was won over by a limitation of the penalty to ten years' imprisonment. If Brothers sold his services to the higher powers in organized crime, these employers failed to give him advice or aid. The selection of lawyers seems to have been, on his part, accidental. One of them, in fact, was a former Tribune employee. After the trial Brothers complained that the defense had let him down badly.

The account of Lingle's career, assassination and avenging Mr. Boettiger gives in a fine spirited style. If he has not written a wholly successful piece of special pleading, he has written a good gang story, for the lame and impotent conclusion of which he is in no way responsible. The esthetic, as well as the ethical, sense of the author and the reader, would have been flattered by a verdict of guilty in the first degree, a sentence of death and a confession from the electric chair implicating Al Capone, exonerating Lingle and placing The Tribune on a pinnacle of civic righteousness. This opportunity was denied to Mr. Boettiger's art by no fault of his own. He has done a considerable service, however, by revealing candidly the close relation between the press and crime. The newspapers hate crime, as they hate war, and yet they recognize that, in the absence of war news, crime furnishes the most salable stuff they carry. Mr. Boettiger points out that Lingle was a specialist, a crime correspondent who, although he never wrote a line for his paper, was, nevertheless, valuable for his knowledge of his peculiar field, and enjoyed a wide acquaintance among people of importance. The part which journalism plays in exciting the public mind to the will to war is too well remembered to need stressing. The part which journalism, whether in the daily press or in its higher literary forms, plays in creating a psychology favorable to crime is a subject for the investigation of social science. In such investigation, Mr. Boettiger's story of Jake Lingle, the Casabianca of crime reporters, should have its place.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Book Notes

THE FAR EASTERN PROBLEM

THE CHALLENGE OF THE EAST, by Sherwood Eddy. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 275 pages. $2.50.*

Mr. Eddy has gathered a vast amount of truly useful information, interestingly presented, concerning the Far East: India, China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines. There are also two chapters on Near Eastern countries, Turkey and Palestine. His attitude toward the perplexing questions with which he deals is almost invariably humane, enlightened, liberal. Fairness and enlightenment, indeed, are carried to extremes in sentences like the following, of which there are altogether too many: "While we eagerly admit their [the Japanese] brilliant accomplishments not only in Japan, but in Korea, we are also in full sympathy with the natural and inevitable aspirations of the Korean people for early autonomy and ultimate independence"; or, again, "One must not too severely blame the government [of India] for trying to maintain law and order; neither can one wonder at Indian leaders resenting what seemed to them such tyranny." This superior impartiality and eagerness to conciliate is bound to irritate both sides to the controversy, as well as that innocent third party, the reader.

FAR EASTERN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS, by H. B. Morse and H. F. MacNair. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 846 pages. $6.*

This valuable survey is the outgrowth of the well known studies of Hosea Ballou Morse, former Commissioner for the Chinese Government, and Harley Farnsworth MacNair, formerly of St. John's University of Shanghai and now a professor at Chicago University. The volume summarizes the relations of West and East, beginning with Marco Polo and ending with the Kuomintang. While there are lapses in the treatment of current problems, such as the failure to discuss the anti-French riots in Indo-China, nevertheless this volume should serve as an admirable textbook.

JAPAN'S SPECIAL POSITION IN MANCHURIA, by C. Walter Young. *Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 412 pages. $3.*

JAPANESE JURISDICTION IN THE SOUTH MANCHURIA RAILWAY AREAS, by C. Walter Young. *Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 332 pages. $3.*

THE INTERNATIONAL LEGAL STATUS OF THE KWANTUNG LEASED TERRITORY, by C. Walter Young. *Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 249 pages. $2.25.*

These timely and important volumes constitute the most detailed study of the legal aspects of the Manchurian situation that has yet appeared. The author, who is associated with the Institute of Current World Affairs of New York, obtained much of the material for these books in the Orient. While the first volume, dealing with "Japan's Special Position in Manchuria," covers fairly well known ground, the volume on "Japanese Jurisdiction in the South Manchuria Railway Areas" is rich in new information. Fully a hundred disputes between Japanese officials and local Chinese authorities have taken place during the last twenty-five years, partly because of lack of agreement as to the geographical area in Manchuria over which the Japanese Government has jurisdiction. None of these incidents has been referred to arbitration. Generally it is surprising to learn the confused and inchoate nature of Japan's rights in Manchuria. Mr. Young disagrees with the view of some Japanese that the legal status of the South Manchuria Railway zone is identical with that of the Kwantung leased territory. He shows how the abolition of extrality in China would severely impair Japanese control in the railway areas. Mr. Young's third volume, on the legal status of the Kwantung leased territory, contains an interesting discussion of the validity of the Sino-Japanese treaty of 1915, from which he concludes that the treaty is valid. These volumes do not attempt to discuss the economic issues involved in the Manchurian question; once in a while, moreover, the author is somewhat unfortunate in his comparisons—for example, in comparing the Japanese Monroe Doctrine with American policy in the Caribbean, he displays a woefully inadequate knowledge of our Monroe Doctrine. Likewise, in minimizing the importance of the Lansing-Ishii agreement, he seems to overlook the fact that this agreement encouraged Japan subsequently to strengthen its position in Manchuria and Shantung. Nevertheless, these volumes should be read by every student of international relations.

FICTION

CANE JUICE, by John Earle Uhler. *New York: The Century Company. $2.50.*

The publication of this novel depicting life at Louisiana State University cost its author his position as professor of English there. Action by the board of trustees was, it seems, instigated by a Catholic priest whose regional patriotism led him into public denunciations of the book. Among the more serious accusations brought against the novelist were that he assailed "the unsullied

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reputation of our Creole maidens," whose "spotless purity . . . has at all times been their hallmark," that he pictured these Creole maidens sullying their "hallmarks" in the dark corners of Bayou Lafourche sugar mills, and that he also showed Louisiana State University students weaving up and down pullman corridors under the influence of football victories and corn likker. The executive committee of the University Board, after considering these accusations and Dr. Uhler's defense, issued a statement which ended with the following words:

> We consider the book a serious reflection upon the University as a whole, and find it impossible to condone the insult. We understand that Dr. Uhler's work as an instructor has been of a high order, and it is, therefore, with extreme regret that we find it necessary to discontinue his services.

In spite of this extreme regret, the committee did not see fit to pay Dr. Uhler's salary for the remainder of the academic year. The issue raised by the controversy is the familiar one of academic freedom, with all the justice, apparently, on the side of the injured professor. Questions of literature hardly enter the case, since the novel—whose hero is a vaguely intransigent Dick Merriwell—possesses little individuality of character or feeling, but trudges along those campus paths which have already been worn smooth by all the previous generations of college novels.

Contributors

JOHN DOS PASSOS, the novelist, was a member of the writers' committee "consisting," he says, "of Theodore Dreiser, Charles R. Walker, Adelaide Walker, Samuel Ornitz, Lester Cohen, Bruce Crawford, Melvin Levy and myself. These were the only ones able to accept the invitations sent out by the International Labor Defense suggesting to a long list of people that they go down and see for themselves what things were like in Harlan County."

GILBERT SELDES, critic, novelist, translator and dramatist, has, since his last appearance in The New Republic, begun contributing a daily column of comment to The New York Evening Journal.

JAMES RORTY, Connecticut homesteader and free-lance writer, was formerly a copywriter in a large advertising agency.

GRANVILLE HICKS, an assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, specializes in the field of American literature since the Civil War.

MURRAY GODWIN, who has been employed as copywriter for a popular encyclopedia, is at present freelancing in New York City.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE, a contributor to "The Fourth American Caravan," is at present working on a novel depicting life in New England.

FELIX MORROW contributes occasional articles to magazines on problems in social philosophy and sociology.

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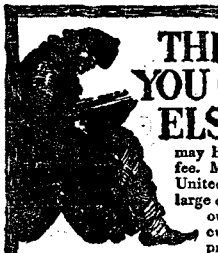

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